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THE LATE ALFRED, BARON TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

*From a hitherto unpublished portrait by Mr. H. H. Hay Cameron.*



## LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM.

OCTOBER 6, 1892.

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head:  
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:  
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.  
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.  
Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore  
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,  
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,  
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,  
The master's feet shall tread.  
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:  
The singer of undying songs is dead.

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,  
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf  
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,  
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave  
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief  
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.  
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.  
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,  
And soon the winter silence shall be ours:  
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame  
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

Rapt though he be from us,  
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;  
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each  
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;  
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;  
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;  
Bright Keats to touch his raiment doth beseech;  
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,  
Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,  
His equal friendship crave:  
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech  
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,  
To save from visitation of decay?  
Not in this temporal sunlight, now, that bay  
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears  
Sings he with lips of transitory clay;  
For he hath joined the chorus of his peers  
In habitations of the perfect day:  
His earthly notes a heavenly audience hears,  
And more melodious are henceforth the spheres,  
Enriched with music stol'n from earth away.

He hath returned to regions whence he came.  
Him doth the spirit divine  
Of universal loveliness reclaim.  
All nature is his shrine.  
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,  
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,  
In every star's august serenity,  
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.  
There seek him if ye would not seek in vain,  
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole;  
Yea, and for ever in the human soul  
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,  
And what is nature's order but the rhyme  
Whereto the worlds keep time,  
And all things move with all things from their prime?  
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?  
In far retreats of elemental mind  
Obscurely comes and goes  
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind  
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.  
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,  
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,  
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose  
The meaning of the riddle of her might:  
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,  
Save the enigma of herself, she knows.  
The master could not tell, with all his lore,  
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped:  
Ev'n as the linnet sings, so I, he said;—  
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,  
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,  
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er  
All woodland chants immortally prevail!  
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,  
He with diviner silence dwells instead,  
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,  
Unto no earthly airs, he trims his sail,  
But far beyond our vision and our hail  
Is heard for ever and is seen no more.

No more, O never now,  
Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow  
Whereon nor snows of time  
Have fall'n, nor wintry rime,  
Shall men behold thee, sage and mage sublime.  
Once, in his youth obscure,  
The maker of this verse, which shall endure  
By splendour of its theme that cannot die,  
Beheld thee eye to eye,  
And touched through thee the hand  
Of every hero of thy race divine,  
Ev'n to the sire of all the laurelled line,

The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand,  
With soul as healthful as the poignant brine,  
Wide as his skies and radiant as his seas,  
Starry from haunts of his Familiars nine,  
Glorious Mæonides.  
Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet.  
Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget?  
The accents of thy pure and sovereign tongue,  
Are they not ever goldenly impressed  
On memory's palimpsest?  
I see the wizard locks like night that hung,  
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod;  
I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,  
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;  
The grass of yesteryear  
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay:  
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:  
Song passes not away.  
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,  
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;  
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust:  
The poet doth remain.  
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;  
And thou, the Mantuan of our age and clime,  
Like Virgil shalt thy race and tongue survive,  
Bequeathing no less honeyed words to time,  
Embalmed in amber of eternal rhyme,  
And rich with sweets from every Muse's hive;  
While to the measure of the cosmic rune  
For purer ears thou shalt thy lyre attune,  
And heed no more the hum of idle praise  
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,  
Master who crown'st our immelodious days  
With flower of perfect speech.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is now two-and-twenty years since its last national sorrow has fallen upon reading England. Losses it has had, and deplorable ones, but since the death of Dickens no writer without whose works English literature would seem incomplete, no teacher to whom we are indebted for our thoughts, our phrases, and even our creed, has passed away. But now we have lost Tennyson. There were only three living men in the world till yesterday to whom, perhaps, the epithet "great" could be applied—Tennyson, Bismarck, Gladstone; and to-day there are only two. Whatever opinions we may hold of them, they stand a head and shoulders higher than their fellow-men; and of Tennyson there was but one opinion. If this were the time for comparisons, one might say he has had no rival near his throne for half a century; but it is not the time. We shall hear many criticisms upon him, no doubt, as we are obliged to do upon other matters on which we have long made up our minds. What we are more concerned with is the personal obligations he has laid us under, the noble and tender thoughts with which he has filled our hearts, the moral and mental benefits he has conferred upon us all. "Life and Thought have gone away, side by side," not only from him, but, as it seems, from all of us; a light has gone out which stood in ten thousand homes, making gracious even their common-places and dissolving their intellectual and spiritual darkness with its beams. Like that other who preceded him, he has left the world kinder and richer than he found it. Only a little while ago, "Do not weep for me," he said—

"And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark."

But we cannot help weeping for the loss of such a friend, nor saying, as he said of another—

"Would he could have stayed with us!"

Some people seem to take a pleasure—Heaven knows why!—in saying "Dickens is not read nowadays." If it be so, so much the worse for the reading public; and I am afraid it is true that among the junior members of our upper classes there is little taste for books of any kind, except for a certain comic literature, mostly from the other side of the Atlantic. I know many young gentlemen of good abilities who have never read Dickens; they say they have "tried" "Pickwick" and been unable to get on with it. It is quite possible that a work that treats so much of old-world things—such as post-chaises and coaching inns—may have small attraction for them; but the idea of their not having "tried" "Martin Chuzzlewit" or "David Copperfield," or even "A Christmas Carol," is deplorable, and the more so when one sees what they do "try," and, apparently, revel in. It is equally certain that they do not read Thackeray, nor, indeed, anyone else who is much worth reading. But as regards the general popularity of Dickens, it is increasing daily, and at a rate which exceeds that of any other author, alive or dead. Since his copyrights have expired no less than eleven publishers have brought out editions of his books; while his original publisher, since his decease, has sold more than half-a-million copies. To those who know how the cold hand of death arrests the circulation of the most popular writer, these facts seem, indeed, amazing.

The fact is, Dickens's popularity, so far from waning, has now become wholly independent of class or "the classes."

It adds another sorrow to the death of our great ones that we are compelled to listen to the usual rubbish shot upon such occasions as to "the verdict of posterity." There has probably been more twaddle written upon this matter than on any other literary topic. The reply of the gentleman accused of planting roses for himself instead of oaks for future generations, "What has posterity ever done for me?" has been criticised with just severity; but when we talk of literary appreciation the less we think of posterity the better. In the first place, we cannot possibly know anything about it: the tastes and views of the second generation that shall stand up in our stead may be altogether different from our own. They may regard things with "larger eyes than ours," or with smaller. If the ideas of those who make a practice of appealing to them are correct, their eyes will be smaller, for this class of critic is always a praiser of the past; and as regards posterity, we ourselves shall be the past, and should, therefore, be the more worthy. What we have to consider as regards the genius of Tennyson, for example, is not the verdict of posterity, but our own verdict; if that is ever reversed posterity will be in the wrong, but as we shall not live to see it, it does not much matter. If our critics would clear their minds of this feeble cant they would improve their position with persons of common-sense; they have many gifts, but the gift of prophecy is not among them.

The question of "Literary Style" is one that should by rights have been left to the critics, but I perceive that one or two novelists have been so rash as to write about it. Vainly one would have thought would such a net have been spread in the sight of the youngest bird; but, as was said of a great historical character, "For war so exciting, he took such delight in, He didn't care whom he fought, so he was fighting," your young novelist will write about everything, and even (though the publishers deny it) for nothing, and to his own manifest disadvantage. Style is to an author what action is to a horse: he may have a very pretty one and suitable to the Row, and yet not be a good goer. Some authors, indeed, are all style: very fine and high, but a little slow. Some so-called standard authors are so admirably classical in their style that their works read like translations from the classics. I am not so young and foolish as to name them, but everyone who possesses that rather extensive collection of volumes "without which no gentleman's library is complete" will recognise them at a glance. What is very curious, and reminds one of the people who talk of Scott as if he had written a couple of works of equal merit, the fact never seems to be taken into account that the same writer has often more than one style. The modern novelist most in favour with the cultured classes had several; he was sometimes classical and sometimes slipshod, and, whether one or the other, never failed to please. A still more popular storyteller began with a bad style and ended with a style of his own, which it is, at all events, very unwise to copy. A third—the least of the triumvirate, but also a household word with all lovers of fiction—was always slipshod. Some authors have no particular style, but adopt that of others at pleasure. One very famous, while he lived, began with a style of his own, and then deliberately "took over" that of the Rev. Dr. Sterne, just as a man gives up his carriage horses and for the rest of his life elects to job them. Some writers have no style at all, but a peculiar mannerism; this is seen in such widely different writers as Carlyle and Leigh Hunt. This is, no doubt, one of the causes why the works of the latter are so generally underrated, but, nevertheless, to those who love him (for no one "likes" Leigh Hunt) this very mannerism enhances their pleasure in him. A novelist whom authors themselves, unhappily, know little about, and critics still less—one Sheridan Le Fanu—has a most remarkable style: his conversations are admirably characteristic, but brusque: I know of no better word to express their vehement curt-ness, though it does not express it. The thought, which is often a deep one, leaps out with a jerk, as though beyond the control of the speaker. He is almost the only writer who understands the use of italics, and is not afraid to use them.

## THE POET OF THE AGE.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Wouldst know my place and stature among men?  
Answered be thou as he who asks of Wren,  
And reads engraven on the sacred ground,  
"Seeker, thou needest but to look around."  
Thou, though with sight discomfited, survey  
The various vision of Victoria's day;  
New thoughts, new arts, new laws, new lore behold,  
Yet the same mind indwelling as of old:  
All in my song's vast harmony embraced,  
The new enthroned, nor yet the old displaced;  
Fields to thy view by hosts contending trod  
Calm unto mine as to the eye of God:  
Set then my soul that spacious scene beside,  
And by its measure mine be certified;  
I through the Spirit of that world alone,  
He through me only truly to be known.

RICHARD GARNETT.



## THOMAS WOOLNER.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

The death of Thomas Woolner was more than a coincidence with the death of Alfred Tennyson. That I do not doubt, though when these lines are written Woolner's "passing away" is a very meagre story as told in the newspapers. Yet what it tells is as touching to imagination as the picture of the poet dying in his moonlit chamber, where they who watched him were as shadows already to his fading sight. All the detail of Woolner's death is in three lines: "He had been ailing for two or three weeks, and while walking in a room of his house in Welbeck Street was seized with a spasm and died almost immediately." It is all conjecture—no one can know to a certainty; but Woolner and Tennyson were close friends when the younger and the elder man were rising into fame—two as near to each other as any in a group of aspirants mostly poor, all aflame with ambition, all conscious of genius that might presently reach to this, to that, to who-knew-what point in the scale of comparison, lovers of art with all the unsullied ardour of first love, new men, believers in each other, backers of each other, and most of them with a burning vitality that promised strength for a long fight, if long it was to be. "Walking in a room in his house in Welbeck Street," what should Woolner be thinking of but those old days and their glorious companionships, Tennyson, who was first among them and more brotherly for himself than any in those times, being dead? Woolner was a man of extremely ardent nature, hot-hearted, no half-hater, no half-lover, passionately imaginative in every thought and perception; and when he walked in his room in Welbeck Street I believe I see plainly that it was because he could not sit still under the many moving memories that swarmed upon him after that sad repast, the newspaper of the day. Besides, he had been ailing for some time—weakened as well as depressed; for years past he had suffered more than enough from a sense of neglect, of opportunities denied, of ambitions baffled in the heyday of his strength; and looking back (as he needs must in such an hour) on his shining youth, its florid vigour, its fine accomplishment, its splendid promise, his later rebellions and regrets may have contributed to an insurgence of emotion which could rise as high in Woolner's breast at sixty-six as when he was a boy. But the rebellions and regrets were a familiar disturbance: it was the shock occasioned by Tennyson's death (acting, no doubt, on feeblenesses too well prepared for its reception) that brought the sensitive heart of him to a stand.

In truth, Woolner could not complain of Fortune. With no advantage but his natural gifts, and employing them for the most part on an art with which his fellow-countrymen have very little sympathy, he achieved reputation before he was long past boyhood, gained friends and admirers among the men he thought the highest, and soon won riches enough to place him in more than comfort. Speaking of his discontent (such as it was) with the developments of his career, I speak of something more imaginary than just; the true foundation of which was that he craved impatiently and resentfully for greater opportunities of displaying his genius than fell to him. It was in imaginative work that he made the successes of his youth, and it was a dire hardship to him that there was so little encouragement to carry it on in the maturity of his powers. Some such work he did, but for thirty years or thereabout he was mainly employed on medallion portraits, portrait busts, and statuary memorials of distinguished men. For a long time he held an indisputable first place; and, though in his later years he was not the most fashionable of statuary artists, I suppose it will not be denied that he was the truest. Artist he was in every fibre of him, and in nothing more than the honesty of art, its detachment, its thoroughness as well as its enthusiasm. Some of his best work (as he used to deplore) is not known in this country, having been wrought for India or Australia and promptly exported; but plenty remains in statuary portraiture of most of the more distinguished men of his time. I read the other day that one of his memorial statues (of a Mr. Dawson, I think) was so ludicrously bad that after the deceased's fellow-townsmen had laughed at it for several years they agreed to take it down. No doubt Woolner had his failures, but it is not pretty to point to them alone over his death-bed, especially when there is so much noble work to prove his worth. Mr. Dawson's statue, it seems, was made out from pictures and photographs, and was not at all a success. But there is at least one other work of Woolner's which, modelled under the same hopeless conditions, is perfection in every line of a most speaking figure. This is the statue of John Stuart Mill on the Thames Embankment, which is the man not only in head and face, but

the set of the head, the feeble throat, the falling shoulders, the long weak back, the splay of the hand on the knee (it is a sitting figure), and the forward pose of absorbed and critical but courteous attention, which tell as true a tale both of physical and mental character as ever was cast in bronze or cut in stone. I mention this statue because its merits are less commonly recognised than the excellence of some others; just as the significant mastery shown in Newman's bust—one of the finest works of the kind which the century has produced—is little heard of in comparison with the charm of Tennyson's bust and Carlyle's.

Woolner was persuaded that he was Greek by something more than sympathy—that he was or had become quite of that nature. He was mistaken, I think—led into error by an intense appreciation of Greek art and the love of Greek legend. He, Thomas Woolner, was as English as his own fields, and a Romance Englishman to boot, at the bottom of him. Nor would he have been in haste to deny that, being charged with it; for no man prouder of his country ever walked on English ground. But yet—he was Greek; a persuasion which, for one reason, was carried unfortunately far. Capable, at birth, of excelling in more ways than one, Woolner was something of a poet; and this Greek inclination turned him to themes and forms of verse that limited him more than enough. Greek as his tastes may have been, he had a Gothic mind; and had he allowed its natural powers more



THE LATE MR. T. WOOLNER, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO IN WELBECK STREET.

freedom when he put his singing-robe over the sculptor's frock he would have made a greater mark in poesy, I think. He could talk magnificently: his voice richly sonorous, his command of language wonderful in passages of description. I remember an account of what he saw and heard on gently waking from sleep in the Australian bush at the dawn of a summer day, which was more entrancing than anything of the kind that ever I read in my life; and yet there were no more wonders to relate than sunrise reveals in many a wood much nearer home. For luminous expression when he had a scene to put before you he could have had no superior in the world, I think, unless it was Carlyle; and if Carlyle could have beaten Woolner in describing a man or an event, Woolner could have beaten Carlyle with such descriptions as that of dawn in the woods, or the gathering of vultures to the carcass the minute it falls, though when it falls they are circling far out of sight in a cloudless sky. There was a pulsing vehemence in his talk on such occasions which was not very Greek, but the colour, the fire, the splendour of it were sometimes quite enthralling.

This vehemence of his he could carry to a fault: as when he loosed his tongue upon pretenders and panderers to false taste, whose faults were unduly magnified by his own thoroughness and honesty to art. Impossible to blame a scorn which was not more vigorously expressed than his admiration for genius whenever he found it, and he spoke with boundless generosity of some of the younger sculptors of to-day. But the scorn made enemies; and that, I fancy, brought some unhappiness into the happy life of a man who abounded in great gifts: beauty, vigour, discernment, imagination, sympathy, and the utmost capacity for quick and strong emotion. He was a stout friend, a gentle lover, a bold hater, a man of genius, and as good an Englishman as ever lived.

## LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

For a festival weak in novelties the gathering just held at Leeds proved much more interesting than one could have fairly anticipated. Other festival managers will do well to note the sensible arrangement, now adopted for the first time, of allowing a complete day of rest to intervene between the termination of the choral rehearsals and the opening performance. The outcome at Leeds was discernible not only in the perfect freshness of the voices at the start, but an equal degree of stamina and power down to the very close. As they began with Mendelssohn, in "Elijah," so did they finish with Mendelssohn, in the "Hymn of Praise." From first to last there was never the least perceptible sign of fatigue. It was a splendidly balanced choir, and if the sopranos seemed relatively better than the contraltos, the reason lay not so much in the superior quality of the voices—which were, indeed, the finest we have ever heard in a chorus—as in the peculiar penetrating timbre of the Yorkshire trebles.

The honours of the "Elijah" performance rested with the chorus and Mr. Norman Salmond. A Yorkshireman by birth, the young *basso cantante* could have commanded far more indulgence on his first attempt to sing the trying music of the prophet than he actually needed; for, in spite of nervousness, he threw notable energy and dramatic feeling into his task, while his voice and style won general admiration. The rendering of the "Baal" choruses, of "Thanks be to God," and "Be not afraid" could not have been surpassed. No wonder it caused a sensation. People went to the Townhall in the evening expecting a treat; but, as luck, or rather the inconsiderate choice of the committee, would have it, Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose" occupied nearly the whole of the programme, and in this work of its composer's degenerate days the choir simply did not have a chance. The success of the concert was won by the band in Beethoven's eighth symphony, of which Sir Arthur Sullivan vouchsafed an altogether perfect reading. Next morning (Thursday) came the Mozart "Requiem," and there the Leeds singers soared to heights of sublime grandeur once more. The inspired strains fell upon the ear with a beauty of effect that words would fail to describe. Never, perhaps, has the music of the "divine" composer been more divinely interpreted. The "Dies iræ" and the "Rex tremendæ" were magnificent, and the "Lachrymosa" brought the tears to many an eye. Mr. Frederic Cliffe's new symphony in E minor, composed for the festival, was performed at this concert and received with the emphatic favour which it merited. Criticism may, however, be conveniently deferred until the symphony is given, as it will be shortly, at the Crystal Palace concerts. Suffice it now to say that the composer conducted an admirable performance of his work and was warmly recalled at its close. Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm completed the programme, and was the means of another triumph for the choir.

Operatic selections are, properly speaking, out of place at big festivals. That from "Die Meistersinger," given at the second evening concert, was to some extent justified by the nature of the work and of the resources at hand for rendering it adequately. An equally fine performance of the overture and the prelude to the third act might, no doubt, have been heard under ordinary conditions; not so the chorale sung in St. Catherine's Church at Nuremberg and the grandiose out-

bursts on the banks of the Pegnitz in the last act. No operatic chorals at Covent Garden or Bayreuth could sing these things as they were sung at Leeds. The experience, therefore, was worth enjoying, while to the audience it seemed to afford unqualified delight. The rest of the programme, except Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's ever-welcome "Belle Dame sans Merci," may pass without remark; but the singing of Madame Albani, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Plunket Greene in Wagner's opera deserves a special word of praise. On the Friday morning came the B minor Mass of Sebastian Bach, and with it vivid recollections of the wonderful performance heard here in 1886. But those recollections were destined to be now effaced by a rendering even more replete with nobility, delicacy, and purity of execution. It was to many the greatest achievement of the festival, even as it was from a technical standpoint the most exacting. The most remarkable feature of the whole thing was the apparent ease with which it was accomplished. The casual listener could never have dreamt what difficulties were being surmounted, say, in the "Sanctus" or the "Cum Sanctu Spiritu," so far as effort on the part of the singers might let him into the secret. Take it for all in all, it was a marvellous triumph for English executive art.

A clever little cantata is Dr. Alan Gray's "Arethusa" (the second of the two festival novelties), though we are compelled to say that Shelley's poem possesses neither the character nor the dimensions that afford a musician the best of chances. The young Yorkshire composer was rewarded for his modesty by a decided success, and that, after all, was what he wanted. That the choir liked "Arethusa" was made manifest by the spirit with which it performed its share of the work, and applauded Dr. Gray afterwards. Mr. Andrew Black sang the solo like a thorough artist.



## THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF LORD TENNYSON.

The opening days of October brought with them the saddening news that Lord Tennyson lay dangerously ill at his Aldworth home. Bulletin after bulletin told that he was dying, and all through the night of Oct. 5 the watchers by his bedside saw that life was ebbing. He passed away quite peacefully at 1.30 on the morning of Oct. 6. The final scene was described by Sir Andrew Clark, who was present, as "gloriously beautiful." "In all my experience," he says, "I have never witnessed anything more glorious. There were no artificial lights in the chamber, and all was in darkness save for the silvery light of the moon at its full. The soft beams of light fell upon the bed and played upon the features of the dying poet like a halo of Rembrandt."

A special representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following account of the last scene—

The morning yesterday rose in almost unearthly splendour over the hills and valleys on which the windows of Aldworth House, where Lord Tennyson was dying, look out. From the mullioned window of the room where the poet lay he could look down upon the peaceful fields, the silent hills beyond them, and the sky above, which was of a blue so deep and pure as is rarely seen in this country.

Lord Tennyson woke ever and again out of the painless, dreamy state into which he had fallen, and looked out into the silence and the sunlight.

In the afternoon, in one of his waking moments, during which he was always perfectly conscious, he asked for his Shakspeare, and with his own hands turned the leaves till he had found "Cymbeline." His eyes were fixed on the pages, but whether and how much he read no one will ever know, for again he lay in dream or slumber, or let his eyes rest on the scene outside.

As the day advanced a change came over the scene, a change almost awful to those who watched the death-bed. Slowly the sun went down, the blue died out of the sky, and upon the valley below there fell a perfectly white mist. The hills, as our representative was told, put on their purple garments to watch this strange, white stillness; there was not a sound in the air, and, high above, the clear, cloudless sky shone like a pale glittering dome. All nature seemed to be watching, waiting.

Then the stars came out and looked in at the big mullioned window, and those within saw them grow brighter and brighter, till at last a moon—a harvest moon for splendour, though it was an October moon—sailed slowly up, and flooded the room with golden light. The bed on which Lord Tennyson lay, now very near to the gate of death, and with his left hand still resting on his Shakspeare, was in deep darkness; the rest of the room lit up with the glory of the night, which poured in through the uncurtained windows. And thus, without pain, without a struggle, the great English poet passed away.

Some little time before the end, writes another who was present, Tennyson made a significant request to his son: "Hallam, bring me my Shakspeare—there, that's right. Place it here, near me—so; now I can keep my hand on it. Don't take it away."

The grief of the nation was universal, and the feeling that the Poet Laureate should be buried by the side of Browning in Westminster Abbey was immediately responded to. Early on the morning of Oct. 10 the lid of the shell in which Lord Tennyson had been placed at Aldworth was closed for the last time. The face wore a look of calm majesty, the hands were crossed upon the breast, flowers lay beside the body, laurel-leaves at the head and feet. At the very last moment one of the nurses who attended the poet during his illness placed

within the coffin the Shakspeare which he had handled in death.

On the morning of Oct. 11 a heart-of-oak coffin arrived at Aldworth, and in this the remains of the poet were placed. The coffin was then lifted into a car—an ordinary "country gentleman's shooting car"—where it was covered, in the first place, by a pall of hand-woven Ruskin linen, made at the Keswick School of Industrial Art. This, however, was soon smothered in wreaths. The procession started. In front, at a foot-pace, says a special correspondent of the *Times*, went the rustic car, led by Lord Tennyson's old coachman. Behind came as chief mourners the Hon. Hallam Tennyson and Mrs. Tennyson, and then Miss Maud Tennyson and Mr. Hitchens, a very old friend of the family. Next came a little pony-carriage drawn by a black pony, heavily laden with wreaths and like tributes, and then a long train of household

men (in whose name a special invitation was sent to Mr. John Burns). Round the grave in Poets' Corner stood grouped the leaders of the Anglo-Saxon race, an ex-Premier and an ex-Lord Chancellor side by side, the Foreign Minister and the most notable of foreign ambassadors facing each other, and the two leading historians, Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude, on either side of the head of the grave, almost overshadowed as it is by the foliated canopy of Chaucer's tomb, for the first and the last great English poets rest almost side by side. One representative, indeed, there was of the vaster sweep of the Anglo-Saxon race and language. Mr. White, secretary of the American Legation, did duty in place of his chief as one of the pall-bearers—standing next to Lord Dufferin, and making the most commanding figure in that group of worthies.

The service in the Abbey was short, simple, and pathetic.

The procession was formed in the cloisters. At the head of it, and immediately behind the coffin, was the poet's grandchild, a graceful little girl in white. Then came the long procession of mourners, a great gathering of men and women and bright-eyed boys, with much of the traditional Tennyson beauty in their faces. Conspicuous among them all was Mr. Hallam Tennyson, tall, ruddy, handsome, a typical English squire. Then came a host of celebrities, the Speaker's tall and always stately figure in the front rank, followed by old personal friends and celebrities like Professor Huxley, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Irving, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. William Morris, and many another. The service consisted of two parts: a short low prelude from the organ, and then the distant choir could be heard chanting the opening passages of the Burial Service. Then came the 90th Psalm, with its solemn opening, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place," sung to Purcell's music. Canon Duckworth read the lesson, the matchless fifteenth chapter from Corinthians I., with clearness though without distinction. Then followed the most interesting part of the ceremonial, the singing of the dead poet's verses, "Crossing the Bar" to Dr. Bridge's music. The rendering was nothing short of exquisite, the boys' voices coming out with delicious effect in the many piano passages, particularly in the beautiful closing phrase—"When I have crost the bar." Of equal charm and, perhaps, with a more distinct effect was Lady Tennyson's setting of her husband's last poem, dictated to her shortly before his death, and beginning—

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,

Brings the dreams about my bed,

and ending with a fine and spirited burst of inspiring music. As soon as it had died away, the organ took up the first delicious movement of Chopin's Funeral March, most beautifully played by Dr. Bridge. The procession wound slowly through the chancel to the open grave in Poets' Corner. The coffin was a wonderful sight, the oak all but covered with the red and white and blue folds of the Union Jack, which was again concealed under the masses of white and yellow flowers—great arum lilies, roses, and chrysanthemums.

By the side of the grave were three wreaths from the royal family, plain to severity, simple laurel for the most part, with a few white flowers intertwined with the green leaves. Two bore inscriptions from the Queen in her own hand, the words of one being, "A mark of sincere regard and admiration from Victoria R.I.," the other "A tribute of affectionate regard and

true admiration from his Sovereign." As the clergy and the pall-bearers—Lord Salisbury, Lord Selborne, Lord Rosebery, Lord Kelvin, the Masters of Trinity and Balliol, Mr. Lecky, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Dufferin, Mr. White, Sir James Paget, and Mr. Froude—grouped themselves round the grave, the Dean, Dr. Bradley, took his stand by the coffin, and the last solemn passages of the funeral service, closing with the committal to the grave, were now spoken, now sung, by the white-robed choir. In the little nook where sleep Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, and Browning were loosely grouped some of the famous men of England, some of them bearing names—Coleridge, Dickens, Wordsworth—more famous still. Mr. Irving stood close to the pall, and the Speaker was very near him. The service concluded with Heber's spirited but perhaps a little unsuitable hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" and then the great congregation, filling every corner of the vast Abbey, broke into knots, and slowly, and with many lingering looks at the open grave, with its masses of memorial flowers, dispersed, Dr. Bridge playing the Dead March in "Saul," with fine, though always restrained, effect.



THE REMAINS OF LORD TENNYSON IN ST. FAITH'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL.

servants and humble neighbours headed by the nurses. That was all.

The Hon. Hallam Tennyson superintended the removal of the coffin to the train, and the funeral party then started for London, reaching Waterloo between half-past eight and a quarter to nine. A further removal then occurred, the coffin being placed in a van and Mr. and Mrs. Hallam Tennyson entering the carriage that was in waiting. Half way down Stamford Street there was a halt, and the Union Jack, suggested by Lady Tennyson as the most appropriate covering for the coffin, was placed upon it. The temporary resting place was St. Faith's Chapel, in the Abbey, where the body was met by Canons Duckworth and Troutbeck and the Rev. Flood Jones.

It is many a long year since the death of a great Englishman brought together such a national gathering as that which assembled within the grey walls of Westminster Abbey on Wednesday, Oct. 12—representatives of all types and conditions of men and women of England, of her nobles, her statesmen, her diplomatists, her scientists, her poets, her novelists, her historians, her musicians, her working



## REMINISCENCES OF M. RENAN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I should not think of calling M. Renan a wit, but he was sometimes humorous. One day, ere he had climbed to fame, he was at a dinner party, and going to speak on a current topic. M. Jules Simon cutting in, the hostess made a sign to M. Renan to reserve what he had to say until M. Simon had spoken. Presently she said, "Now, M. Renan, it is your turn. You were going to say something." "Merely," he answered, "that I wanted to have some peas." He kept an unbroken silence for the rest of the evening.

M. Renan was good in all his personal relations, and as a literary artist unrivalled. He used words as Corot used colours in painting landscapes. His style was beautifully transparent. There were often unexpected bursts of light in unexpectedly strong language. He affected the mind like an opera of Mozart. A philosopher I should never think of calling him; but he was a wonder of erudition, and without a trace of the bookworm. He was also an ingenious thinker, and often a deep one. He had astonishing sagacity in following traces nearly effaced by time. Nobody had in a greater degree, not excepting Michelet, the faculty of getting in touch with archaic modes of thought and with the great men of former times. Renan the lecturer was wholly different from Renan the author. He had a weak heart, was scant of breath, and spoke from his professorial chair in short, broken phrases and in

were in answer to their cruel words, and perhaps a means for cheating the pangs he must, given his acute sensibilities, have felt.

Renan's Breton obstinacy, his sister aiding on one great occasion and his wife encouraging on another, enabled him to act with heroic decision and fortitude. The first instance was in leaving St. Sulpice's school, where he had entered minor orders, and become the Abbé Renan. He did this after a discipline that would have broken the spirit of any other young man of his age, and he took the decisive step without consulting a soul except his sister, with whom he was in communication by letter only, she being then a governess in the Zamoisky family in Poland. This good angel of his was then almost an old maid, and was a woman who had from childhood upwards trodden the stony paths of life and none other. But she had become so great in facing difficulties from high motives that her life was, on the whole, satisfactory to herself and all usefulness to others. She was twelve years older than her brother Ernest, loved him when he was a delicate infant and born, seemingly, to no heritage but one of misery. The father had left nothing to his family but the prospect of their furniture being sold by creditors, who, however, took pity on them and laid no seizure on the leasehold shop and furniture, which were all they had. The widow, helped by her daughter and an elder son, Alain, eked out a living by selling small wares and goods suitable to sailors, there being a

On his return to Paris he took a situation as usher in a school. Mdlle. Renan had higher views for him, and exhorted him to study hard. To help him she gave up her situation, and, with all her earnings in hand, came back to provide him with a humble home, in which she was mistress, servant, and professor of literature. Her literary tutelage was exerted "to give wings to his style and to purge it of pedantry." She rewrote and recast all his themes and articles for *Le Débats*, and when he was in the Holy Land she suggested those sketchy pictures of the spots where Jesus drew crowds round him, and touched them up. She gave her brother the means to marry, and was to have lived with him and his wife, who was worthy of sharing his greatness, she being a rock of sense, kindly, sweet-tempered, intellectual, and sincere in all things.

The second great proof of courage was given when, under the Empire, M. Renan was professor of Hebrew at the College of France. A cabal was got up at the Court against him, and the Minister of Public Instruction, disregarding the statutes of that institution, which date from the reign of Francis I., dictated a course to M. Renan which he thought an infringement on these statutes and a slight on himself. He might have kept his place by a sacrifice of independent opinion, but, scorning to do so, resigned. His wife approved. He had no fixed income to look to, and the lion's share of future literary ventures was secured to his publisher, Michel Lévy. *Le Débats*, however, was open to him, and



FUNERAL OF THE LATE M. ERNEST RENAN IN PARIS.

familiar and even homely language. He sat as he did so with his short fat hands either on his knees, in the attitude in which Bonnat painted him, or resting on the table. Sometimes he used them to help to make speech clearer. He talked of the Greeks and Romans, of Job, Joshua, Moses, David, and St. Paul as though he were a plain-spoken neighbour of theirs, well acquainted with them all, and chatting to somebody as plain as himself, who took an intelligent interest in them and liked to hear what gossip he could give about them. If the greatest literary artist of his time and a singularly original lecturer, his lectures did not fetch a large public. He entered the lecture-room at a brisk pace, and making a low and rapid bow which brought his long hair over his face. The figure was funny, and so would be the face to an ordinary looker-on. He was very fat and short, and had cheeks that rested on his shoulders and looked swollen as well as fleshy, a symptom of heart-weakness. The face was peony-red, but the mouth was well modelled, and shaped to say charming things. He had also a wonderful pair of little blue-grey eyes, keen, twinkling, deep-seeing, and variable in expression, with rough, strong eyebrows, and a far-projecting forehead at the brow. He also impressed one as a kind man, and was that. His jovial manner showed that the world had gone well with him, and that he found brain-work, in combination with home, peace, comfort, and pleasant companionship, heaven and earth, and this in the face of a heart-wracking trial which went on daily for more than thirty years. Fanatical enemies made it harder to bear by pointing to it as a just judgment of God, because M. Renan, after entering minor orders, left the Church and got married. I sometimes fancied that his declarations of the joy he found in life

little port close to where she lived at Tréguier. Mdlle. Renan was studious, and made a vow to recompense the creditors by paying them all that was due. She educated herself well enough to win a governess's diploma, and went to open a school at Lannion, where her mother and Ernest joined her. She did well until a convent school started up as a rival. It crushed her, and she had to send mother and brother back to Tréguier, and to go herself unfriended and alone to Paris as a sub-mistress in a school. She continued to send money to her mother and to the creditors, whom she went on paying by instalments for twenty-five years, until every debt was cleared off. The mistress promoted her to be her factotum, but, disliking the position, she took a situation as governess in the Zamoisky family in Poland. Prague, Warsaw, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Berlin were opened to her, and a new intellectual life dawned upon her. She plunged into the German literature of the time, and found that her old Catholic orthodox beliefs were vanishing. Her mental experiences were communicated in long letters to Ernest. They were, of course, opened by the Superior of St. Sulpice's. It was noticed that the young Abbé was bitten by his sister's doubts. He never had a strong vocation for the priesthood, which made the matter graver. All the discipline was directed for some time to undo the effect of the letters. Renan mentally revolted against the war that was covertly made against his sister. His distress became terrible, and he took counsel of her. She wrote to him to follow his inner monitor, and she sent him forty pounds to go on with, should he leave the school without being priested. He left. The sister next wrote to him to meet her in Germany. The trip was a joyous one, and he used to say bore succulent fruit.

his wants were few. All Madame Renan asked for was freedom for her husband's mind to grow and for the wants of an infirm child to be supplied. She had her reward in witnessing M. Renan's subsequent success, which was the greatest of any author of his generation, and in seeing the other day how the State glorified him in the funeral rites which it celebrated at the College of France, for he re-entered that time-honoured institution on the fall of the Empire, only to leave it in his coffin. The extraordinary but well-deserved honour paid to his remains must have softened the bitterness of her grief. She was also sustained by the affection of the family of the scientist, M. Berthelot, who had been during forty-six years the close friend of M. Renan.

## FUNERAL OF M. ERNEST RENAN.

On Friday, Oct. 7, the body of Ernest Renan was conveyed from the Collège de France to the Montmartre Cemetery for interment, after the delivery of funeral addresses in the court of the college, which was carpeted and hung with black cloth, and where it lay on a catafalque supported by columns 20 ft. high, with a multitude of candles and torches burning around it. Besides the members of the French Academy, in their uniform, with green palm decorations, Ministers of State, Senators, and Deputies, and foreign diplomatists, were present. M. Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts, spoke of Renan's life and genius and of his works; he was followed by M. Gaston Boissier, vice-president of the Collège de France, and others. The removal of the body from Montmartre to the Pantheon will not long be deferred.



## PERSONAL.

The Very Rev. Edward Bickersteth, D.D., who died on Oct. 8, has not long survived his resignation of the Deanery of



THE LATE VERY REV. E. BICKERSTETH, D.D.,  
Dean of Lichfield.

Lichfield, for, although his retirement was made known some months ago, he did not formally vacate the position until Sept. 30. He had led an active and very useful life. He took a very good mathematical degree at Cambridge in 1836, the year when Dr. Colenso, late Bishop of Natal, was second wrangler. The late Canon Conway was also among the wranglers of that year, and Bickersteth had among his companions in the list of Senior Optimes Bishop Campbell, late of Bangor, Mr. Pollock, afterwards a Master of the Court of Exchequer, and the late Bishop Cotton, of Calcutta. He held several ministerial positions of influence, and he was select preacher at Cambridge on four distinct occasions. He also filled a similar office at Oxford in 1875. But it was as Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation that his most useful work was done. He sat from 1864 to 1880, some of the most troublesome years in the modern history of the Church. The uninitiated are apt to scoff and jeer at the deliberations of Convocation, but during the period in which Dr. Bickersteth filled the chair the debates were marked by much vigour and not a little heat. The passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act in 1874 almost made it necessary that it should be so; but the admirable tact and patience of the late Dean kept the temper of the House equable, and often saved the proctors from making themselves ridiculous in the face of the world. Dr. Bickersteth never reached the episcopal bench, although he had more than one narrow escape from being called to that office. He was a prominent member of the New Testament Revision Company, and wrote many helpful devotional and expository works. His book on the Thirty-Nine Articles ran through six editions.

A Crimean veteran has just passed away in the person of Lieutenant-General Charles Stuart Henry, C.B., who died at his charming Scotch residence, The Pavilion, on the Tweed, near Melrose, in his seventieth year. This gallant officer entered the Royal Artillery just fifty years ago; he distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Sebastopol, where he lost his right arm in the trenches. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and received the distinction of C.B., the Turkish and Sardinian medals, and the fifth class of the Medjidieh. His services in the campaign were also rewarded with the brevets of major and lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Henry retired from the service in 1882 as major-general, with the honorary rank of lieutenant-general. He married a sister of the last Baron Somerville (a peerage now dormant), whose first cousin, Mr. Reginald Somerville, was killed before Sebastopol. He was one of the Tweed Commissioners, and was a Justice of the Peace and a County Councillor for Roxburghshire.

That talented young composer Mr. Alan Gray, whose first cantata, "Arethusa," a setting of Shelley's lovely poem written in 1820, was produced at the Leeds Musical Festival, is a Yorkshireman, whose love of music is inherited, for he is a grandson of Mr. Jonathan Gray, who was one of the chief promoters of the old York festivals. Mr. Gray, whose work is pronounced as full of originality and promise, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1877, he took his degree (third class, Law Tripos). He subsequently devoted himself to the study of music, and attained the post of organist at Wellington College, which he retained for some years. He will now return to his college at Cambridge, where he has just been appointed to the organ seat vacated by Professor Villiers Stanford, who has fulfilled the duties there since 1873.

What ought to be done with Uganda by the British Imperial Government, if anything beyond the money assistance

now granted to the British East Africa Company for safely removing its establishments in that distracted native kingdom, is a question which two or three distinguished men now in England, Captain F. D. Lugard, Mr. H. M. Stanley, and a missionary bishop, the Right Rev. C. A. Smythies, D.D., come forward to explain. Bishop Tucker is now in East



CAPTAIN F. D. LUGARD.

Africa. But as it would seem only too likely that the result of Government direct action must ultimately be a costly and difficult military expedition across several hundred miles of savage desert and a vast inland lake, to subdue a populous and warlike State where heathen, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Mohammedan factions are frequently conflicting with each other in civil wars, public opinion may chiefly demand the testimony of an experienced practical administrator in Uganda. This evidence can be furnished by Captain Lugard, no doubt, with more precise details of the

force required, the route, the equipment, and the cost than have yet been presented, remembering always that our War Office, acting on the resolutions of the Foreign Office, has a different way of managing such affairs from that of a chartered company, and its sum total of expenses incurred would be on an imperial scale.

The Chairman of the South-Western Railway, the Hon. Ralph Heneage Dutton, of Timsbury Manor, near the picturesque town of Romsey, on the borders of the New Forest, who died on Oct. 8, was an uncle of the present Lord Sherborne. From 1857 to 1865 he represented South Hants in Parliament, and from the latter year to 1868 he was member for Cirencester. In 1848 he married a sister of the first Lord Sandhurst, and his only child and heiress was married in 1872 to Sir John Barrington Simeon, Bart.

Three artists new to this country made their appearance at Covent Garden at the opening representation of Sir Augustus Harris's autumn opera season. The programme of the evening (Monday, Oct. 10) contained two works, Gluck's "Orfeo" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," in the former of which Mdlles. Giulia and Sofia Ravogli gave their familiar impersonations of Orfeo and Euridice. The débuts referred to were all associated with the "Cavalleria," and each proved to be more or less indicative of satisfactory results alike for artists and impresario. Mdlle. Del Torre is quite a youthful soprano, but evidently possesses strong dramatic feeling, in addition to a voice of pleasant quality and resonant timbre. She threw considerable intelligence into her embodiment of Santuzza, and, as she gradually overcame her nervousness, increased the favourable impression created by her delivery of the "Romanza." Mdlle. Del Torre was at her best in the duet with Alfio, who had a forcible and effective representative in a new baritone, Signor Pignatola. The latter is an artist of experience, and a useful addition to the company.

Signor Cremonini, the new Turiddu of the Covent Garden performance, is not more than two or three and twenty, and has been only a short time on the operatic stage. Already, however, he shows unusual *savoir faire*, making up by clever artistic touches and an excellent style for what he lacks in experience and physical resource. By birth a Cremonese (hence his stage name), this young tenor has evidently been trained in the school that gave us Gayarre, only his voice is tolerably free from the *vibrato*, and his delivery is not marred by affectation or mannerism of any kind. The quality is pure and pleasing, light rather than robust, and the high notes are produced with apparent ease. Signor Cremonini sang his serenade during the prelude admirably in tune, and in the duet with Santuzza revealed a very fair measure of histrionic power. He was also heard to advantage in the drinking-song, which was encored, and, on the whole, his début must be described as remarkably successful. Mdlle. Guercia was the Lola and Mdlle. Bauermeister the Mamma Lucia, while the general rendering of the opera, notably as regards band and chorus, was first rate. Signor Bevinani conducted.

Another new prima donna, Mdlle. Rosita Sala, made her first appearance on the second night of the season as Leonora in "Il Trovatore." This young lady was born in South America, but is of Italian parentage, and has studied her art in the "land of song." She is not yet a dramatic soprano in the full sense of the term, but her talents evidently lie in the direction of declamatory singing rather than florid vocalisation, judging by the excellence of her efforts in the "Miserere" scene as compared with her rendering of the air "Tacea la notte." Mdlle. Sala has a fairly powerful voice, and is a capital actress, and was therefore fully entitled to the encouragement bestowed upon her by a demonstrative audience. Signor Gianini was the Manrico, Signor de Anna the Count di Luna, and Mdlle. Tremelli the Azucena.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W., for our portraits of the late Dean of Lichfield, Mr. Algernon Swinburne, Mr. W. Watson, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling; to Mr. Barraud, Oxford Street, W., for that of Mr. A. Austin; to the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W., for those of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Lewis Morris; to Mr. Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W., for that of Sir E. Arnold; to Mr. E. C. Porter, of Ealing, for that of Mr. Austin Dobson; to Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Bombay, for that of Captain Lugard; to Messrs. Valentine and Co., of Dundee, for the view of Trinity College, Cambridge; and to Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Colnaghi for kindly allowing us to copy the portraits of Tennyson as a young man.

## TENNYSON AS A POLITICIAN.

Probably no man has had a more consistent and steady outlook on the problems of modern English life than Lord Tennyson. It is true that there has been a certain tendency to Conservatism—the natural Conservatism of age, which sees with greater clearness the limits to mere political "progress," which a man of Tennyson's point of view always perceived. But there is no essential change. The moral of "Sixty Years After" is the moral of "Maud"—namely, that the old-fashioned Liberalism, which was in the main Tennyson's creed, was far too heavily weighted with mere commercialism to carry its vaguer ideals of universal peace and brotherhood—"the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." After all, asked Tennyson, is war much worse than the falsehoods of the competitive struggle; is it more deadly than the sordid miseries of social life as it goes in great cities and neglected villages?—

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,  
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,  
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;  
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

"Sixty Years After," usually described as showing a divergence from Tennyson's earlier political creed of fairly staunch Liberalism, simply harps on the old "Maud" note, but with even bitterer insistence—

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,  
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,  
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the master scripps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread,  
There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.



LORD TENNYSON IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: SIGNING THE ROLL.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,  
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

Warless? war will die out late then. Will it ever? late or soon?  
Can it, till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead world the moon?

Yet Tennyson saw no cure for social evils—which he often touched with a more poignant sense of the deep spiritual trouble they involved than did Browning—in revolution. The "red fool-fury of the Seine" might pile the barricades with dead, but progress would in no sense be forwarded. Nor was mere political democracy in his view of much avail—nay, so long as the human average remained unimpaired, it would involve serious political dangers. Were we to consult the "suffrage of the plough" on the question whether we were to retain or lose our Indian Empire, with the fate of hundreds of millions of men lying on the decision? What view could we expect a hungry, uninstructed, and demoralised people to take on problems of Imperial moment? To this view Tennyson never gives an answer. As a Constitutional and Moderate Liberal, believing in widening the "bounds of freedom" by slow measures, in working "from precedent to precedent," he could only give his assent to gradual changes, the end of which he never, perhaps, regarded with much confidence. He always maintained

That man's the true Conservative  
Who lops the moulder'd branch away;

but, never a strong party man and with a certain aesthetic dislike of the banality of "raving politics never at rest," he hardly viewed the process of increasing the power of the Commons and the people with much enthusiasm. A patriot rather than a cosmopolitan, a man of clear though not always subtle insight, he has in "Maud," in "Sixty Years After," in "In Memoriam," expounded a creed which is held instinctively by many Englishmen who call themselves indifferently Liberals or Conservatives. But he added to his interpretative touches a certain message of his own, which he delivered with much consistency during his mighty record of sixty years of great poetic production.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen was visited at Balmoral on Oct. 11 by the Duchess of Albany. The statement that the Empress Frederick is about to visit Balmoral is authoritatively contradicted.

Her Majesty telegraphed as follows to the Hon. Hallam Tennyson on the day of the Poet Laureate's death—  
"Most truly deeply grieved that the great poet and kind friend has left this world. He was ever so kind to me and so full of sympathy. Feel so deeply for your dear mother and yourself, his devoted son.—V.R.I."

The Prince of Wales, who has been on a visit to the Duke of Fife for some weeks at Mar Lodge, arrived at Marlborough House on Saturday, Oct. 8, from Scotland.

The Prince has since been on a visit to the Duke of Cambridge at Six-Mile Bottom.

His Royal Highness (says *Truth*) is next week to be the guest of Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park. The Princess and her daughters will come to town at the end of next week from Braemar, and, after staying for a few days at Marlborough House, they are all going to Sandringham for the winter.

The Prince is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Lonsdale for a few days during the winter at Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, and there will be a series of battues on the largest imaginable scale in honour of his visit. Lady Lonsdale has returned to Lowther much benefited by a "cure" at the baths of Krenznach.

The Viceroy of Ireland is an ornamental figure, but he has his troubles. A long and elaborate address to Lord Houghton was to have been presented by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce. As this document was designedly a protest against the policy of the Government, Lord Houghton declined to receive it. This has not prevented its being printed, so the soul of the Chamber of Commerce is liberated, and the Viceroy has the satisfaction of knowing that everybody has read the address, despite his official interdict. The Viceregal snub would have been more effectual had Lord Houghton received the deputation of the Chamber of Commerce, and read them a lecture on their political opinions. Etiquette would not permit this, but etiquette does not always get the best of it in this prosaic world.

In politics there is little moving except in Ireland. The Irish Landowners' Convention has condemned Mr. Morley's Commission of Inquiry into the case of evicted tenants on the ground that there has been inquiry enough for many years into the whole subject of Irish land. Unfortunately, neither examination nor legislation has solved the problem. Mr. Morley is charged with exciting expectations which cannot be realised, and it is asked how the Government can hope to pass both a Home Rule Bill and another Land Bill next Session. The visit of Mr. Asquith to Dublin has given rise to the rumour that the Government intend to release some of the dynamitards now in prison. Whether this be true or not, the Chief Secretary has withdrawn some of the extra police quartered in Kerry. All this is represented by the Irish Unionists to be fatal to order; but it is too soon to form any decisive judgment one way or the other.

A great popular demonstration in Dublin celebrated the anniversary of Mr. Parnell's death, and Mr. James O'Kelly delivered an oration at Glasnevin Cemetery. This was distinguished by an unexpected mildness of tone, Mr. O'Kelly going so far as to suggest the reunion of the Irish parties. The supporters of Mr. Redmond have proposed another compromise on the question of the Paris funds. They ask for a committee of six members, three to be Parnellites and three Nationalists. As a proposal practically indistinguishable from this has been bandied about for months, it is judicious to be sceptical about the success of this latest offer of the olive branch.

We deal fully elsewhere with the event which has most deeply stirred the sympathies of the English-speaking world. Westminster Abbey has witnessed many striking scenes, but none more memorable than the funeral of Tennyson. Nothing was wanting to the impressiveness of the ceremony except, perhaps, the presence of the Prime Minister, who was deterred solely by paramount considerations of health from making the journey from Hawarden to pay the last and most affecting tribute to his illustrious friend. Preachers and poets have vied with one another in their testimony to Tennyson's worth, but it is scarcely possible to give adequate expression to the conviction that one of the greatest of Englishmen has been taken from us.

The Dean of St. Paul's has been approached with reference to the interment of the late Mr. Woolner, R.A., in the cathedral, and has expressed his personal sympathy with the application, and the high sense of the claim which Mr. Woolner's eminence as a sculptor confers, but being convinced that every perforation of the bed of concrete upon which the cathedral stands involves an appreciable injury to its foundations, he has resolved that interments within the building shall be, as far as possible, discontinued.

The Church Congress at Folkestone witnessed some lively episodes. There was a debate on vivisection, in which Bishop Barry declared that the practice was contrary to Christianity, a view repudiated with some warmth by the Bishop of Edinburgh. Mr. Victor Horsley delivered a strong attack on the anti-vivisectionists, especially Miss Frances Power Cobbe; and the Bishop of Manchester made the not very pertinent statement that he would give up eating animal food if he thought his voice would not suffer. Miss Cobbe has offered a provisional reply to Mr. Horsley which shows an imperfect perception of the rules of evidence. The Congress also discussed temperance and the efficacy

of preaching. There was a strong bias in some of the papers towards total abstinence, but nobody suggested that a clergyman is not always qualified to preach by virtue of his office. Canon Twells complained that the laity were "bad listeners," whereupon his audience cried "Speak up!" and his paper had eventually to be read by somebody else. Owing to various causes, the Congress was not so successful as some of its predecessors.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who has been preaching at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, took leave of the congregation amid a remarkable scene of emotion. Whether Mr. Spurgeon or Dr. Pierson will eventually succeed to the vacant pastorate is still uncertain. Dr. Pierson is reported to have said that he will not become a Baptist, and that "the devil," aided by certain religious journals, has instigated dissension in the Tabernacle. Why an extremely natural and by no means vicious sentiment should be the work of a diabolical agency is not manifest, and Dr. Pierson's method of explaining the conduct of those who do not want him as a pastor seems somewhat inconclusive.

Captain Lugard and Mr. H. M. Stanley have written letters in the *Times* strongly advocating the retention of Uganda. Captain Lugard holds that if we abandon Uganda some other Power will dominate the sources of the Nile and be in a position to starve Egypt. This is virtually a plea for the reconquest of the Soudan, the occupation of Khartoum, and eventually the annexation of an enormous section of Africa. There is no sign that public opinion approves of such a responsibility, which we are asked to undertake primarily for the benefit of an unsuccessful commercial corporation, and secondarily to create an African Empire which Mr. Rhodes wants to administer.

It is proposed to form a Naval Officers' League for the purpose of pressing the grievances of the Navy on Parliament and the country. This project is denounced in some quarters as subversive of discipline, but this is probably an exaggeration of its scope. It is noteworthy, however, that the Services—

Revolution. The President reviewed troops, received addresses, shook hands with numerous mayors and local magistrates or officials, witnessed an historical cavalcade, and inspected several hospitals and local institutions. Two influential members of the Royalist party in France, M. de Breteuil and M. de Mackau, have declared their final acceptance of the Republic.

The death of M. Ernest Renan has caused some journalists to look up his address as candidate for a seat in the Corps Législatif in May 1869, when he sought election for the second district of Seine-et-Marne, including the town of Meaux. He was a moderate Liberal, opposed to any revolution, and looking for progress in the exercise of political liberties under the Empire, but was especially opposed to war, and desired the reduction of military forces and the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome.

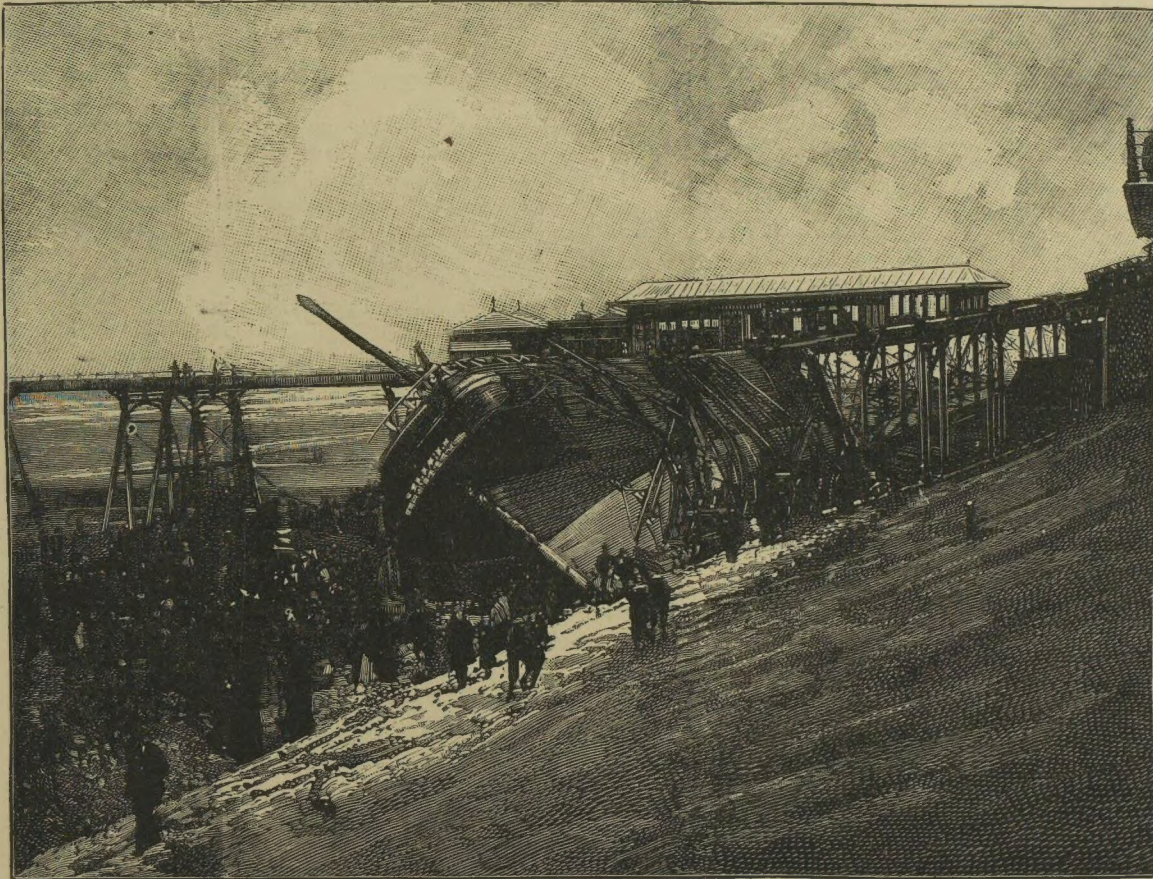
The vacant seat in the French Academy is sought by M. Zola, who has published a reply to certain strictures on his latest romance, "La Débâcle," contending that his work shows the strongest admiration and sympathy for the French soldiers in the campaigns of 1870; while he insists on the truth of those incidents in his story relating to Napoleon III., notably that of the Emperor colouring his cheeks with rouge to disguise his paleness at the battle of Sedan.

In South America the revolution and civil war in the Spanish-American Republic of Venezuela have apparently come to an end by General Crespo's army, on Oct. 10, entering the capital, the city of Caracas, where he was proclaimed Provisional President and appointed his Ministry and Council of State.

The Queen Regent of Spain, with her child, the little King, was at Seville and at Cadiz, on Oct. 9, greeted with a very loyal welcome, proceeding next day from Cadiz, in the Spanish war-ship *Conde Venadito*, with an escort of ships from the fleets of different nations, to the small port of Huelva, and visiting the Convent of La Rabida and the neighbouring town of Palos, where fresh ceremonial festivities were arranged to commemorate the discovery of America by Columbus four centuries ago. The Ministers of State, the Senators and Deputies, and foreign Ministers, came from Madrid to join the Court on this occasion. The small vessels constructed in imitation of those antique "caravels" with which Columbus made his voyage in 1492 are to be escorted to America by a ship of the United States Navy, and will be on view at New York.

The French troops in Dahomey, under Colonel Dods, have gained a fresh victory, at Poguessia, over the army of King Behanzin, and have made a further advance towards Abomey, his capital. X.

FROM MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.—"In a very few weeks' time I propose to exchange for a few months the drama of everyday life as we see it on the stage for the drama of nature which we see eternally in every corner of the world. It is this drama of nature—conventional, I fear, my dear young critics, terribly old-fashioned, but inexpressibly beautiful—that I earnestly desire to review. Am I wrong? I have sat in my stall for thirty-two years, and I want to exchange gaslight for sunshine. I want a holiday, and I think I have deserved one. But I shall not be idle. I propose to write letters home, and if they are interesting I trust someone or other will print them. If not, they must be kept for the book which I shall print myself. No, it is not true that I intend to give up dramatic criticism. I was told the other day by one of the gentlemen whose task is to lecture me that the brains God has given me cannot soar above the commonplace, unideal, everyday drama: it was hopeless to get me to join in any new movement with my very limited intellect! Well, perhaps when I return I shall find the drama in an exalted state, free, as it will be, from the Philistine fetters of one who, according to the same authority, has done so much harm to it and lopped, as the gardener does the flowers, with his unskilful scythe. Well, I shall return all the same—if ever I do return—to my old love, to whom I have been faithful, loyal, and devoted. At any rate, this pause among seas and mountains and deep forests and marble palaces will expand my mind, add to my experience, gain me the enlightenment which I am said to require, and fortify me with a keener love of the beautiful and a greater charity to all mankind!"



WRECK ON THE PIER AT BLACKPOOL, LANCASHIRE.

civil, military, and naval—are growing more and more restive under the present system of administration.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has favoured the British public with his views about Free Trade. Protection, he says, is necessary to America, but in England it would be absurd. Here it would not create the "cheap home supply" which it creates there. Mr. Carnegie illustrates this remarkable piece of economics by asserting that the working man in America can buy more for a pound than he can in Great Britain. If this means that the average cost of living is less in the United States than it is here, Mr. Carnegie's opinion will surprise nobody so much as the American consumer who has visited these islands.

The approaching debates of the German Imperial Diet on the projects of army reform, said to involve an addition of 90,000 soldiers and three million sterling more annual cost, are contemplated with growing anxiety for the result, which might even be adverse to General Caprivi's position as Chancellor of the Empire. Some military critics are of opinion that the reduction of the term of universal compulsory service from three years, except in cases of privileged partial exemption, to two years will be detrimental to the quality of the army. The Emperor William, as well as the King of Saxony, and several of the German Princes, was at Weimar on the occasion of the golden wedding of the Grand Duke and Duchess, noticed last week.

The Austro-Hungarian Imperial Government is preparing for the Legislature minor schemes of improvement in the army organisation, to augment the strength of infantry companies and to consolidate the pioneer and engineer corps. Some alarm has been excited by the outbreak of cholera in the city of Buda-Pesth. The German Emperor's visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna, on Oct. 11, was regarded with much interest.

The Emperor's prize for the competitive riding-match of German and Austro-Hungarian military officers between Berlin and Vienna has been presented by his Majesty, at Potsdam, to the Austro-Hungarian officer, Count Starhemberg, with the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle.

M. Carnot, the President of the French Republic, on Oct. 8 and 9 visited the town of Lille, where a patriotic festival was held to celebrate the centenary of the raising of the Austrian siege in the early campaigns of the war of the French

## PIER AT BLACKPOOL DAMAGED BY A WRECK.

Blackpool, a popular seaside watering-place on the Lancashire coast, has suffered a disaster of rather singular character, though not unprecedented—the partial destruction of its northern pier by the wreck of a vessel drifting against it. This took place about one in the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 9, in a violent gale of wind; the unlucky ship, which had been seen all the morning evidently in a disabled condition, while no boat could venture out through the raging sea to render assistance, came and struck the pier with crashing force repeatedly. It knocked away the whole of the sloped entrance, with four shops, near the shore, and a portion of the promenade deck, bending its iron girders and displacing the supporting columns; the structure was badly damaged for half its length. Hundreds of spectators were on the pier, but ran off when the danger approached, and there was happily no loss of life, as the crew of the vessel, ten men and a boy, were pulled on to the pier by the life-boat men and others helping. It was a Norwegian three-masted ship, the *Sirene*, of 667 tons, which had left the port of Fleetwood the day before, in ballast, to sail to an American port; it became a total wreck.



# THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

A SKETCH

OF

A

TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

## CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

Somers was in a mood to reserve his comments, and Jocelyn continued—

"That afternoon I idled about the streets, looking for her in vain. When I next saw one of the boys who had been with me at her first passing I stealthily reminded him of the incident, and asked if he knew the riders.

"O yes," he said. "That was Colonel Targe and his daughter Elsie."

"How old do you think she is?" said I, a sense of disparity in our ages disturbing my mind.

"O—nineteen, I think they say. She's going to be

married the day after to-morrow to Captain Popp, of the 501st, and they are ordered off to India at once."

"The grief which I experienced at this intelligence was such that at dusk I went away to the edge of the harbour, intending to put an end to myself there and then. But I had been told that crabs had been found clinging to the dead faces of persons who had fallen in thereabout, leisurely eating them, and the idea of such an unpleasant contingency deterred me. I should state that the marriage of my Beloved concerned me little; it was her departure that broke my heart. I never saw her again.

"Though I had already learnt that the absence of the corporeal matter did not involve the absence of the informing spirit, I could scarce bring myself to believe that in this case it was possible for her to return to my view without the form she had last inhabited.

"But she did.

"It was not, however, till after a space of time during which I passed through that bearish age in boys, their early teens, when girls are their especial contempt. I was about seventeen, and was sitting one evening over a cup of tea in a restaurant of the aforesaid watering-place, when opposite me a lady took her seat with a little girl. We looked at each

other awhile, the child made advances, till I said: 'She's a good little thing.'

The lady assented, and made a further remark.

"She has the soft dark eyes of her mother," said I.

"Do you think her eyes are good?" asks the lady, as if she had not heard what she had heard most—the last three words of my opinion.

"Yes—for copies," said I, regarding her.

"After this we got on very well. She informed me that her husband had gone out in a yacht, and I said it was a pity he didn't take her with him for the airing. She gradually disclosed herself in the character of a deserted young wife, and later on I met her in the street without the child. She was going to the landing-stage to meet her husband, so she told me; but she did not know the way.

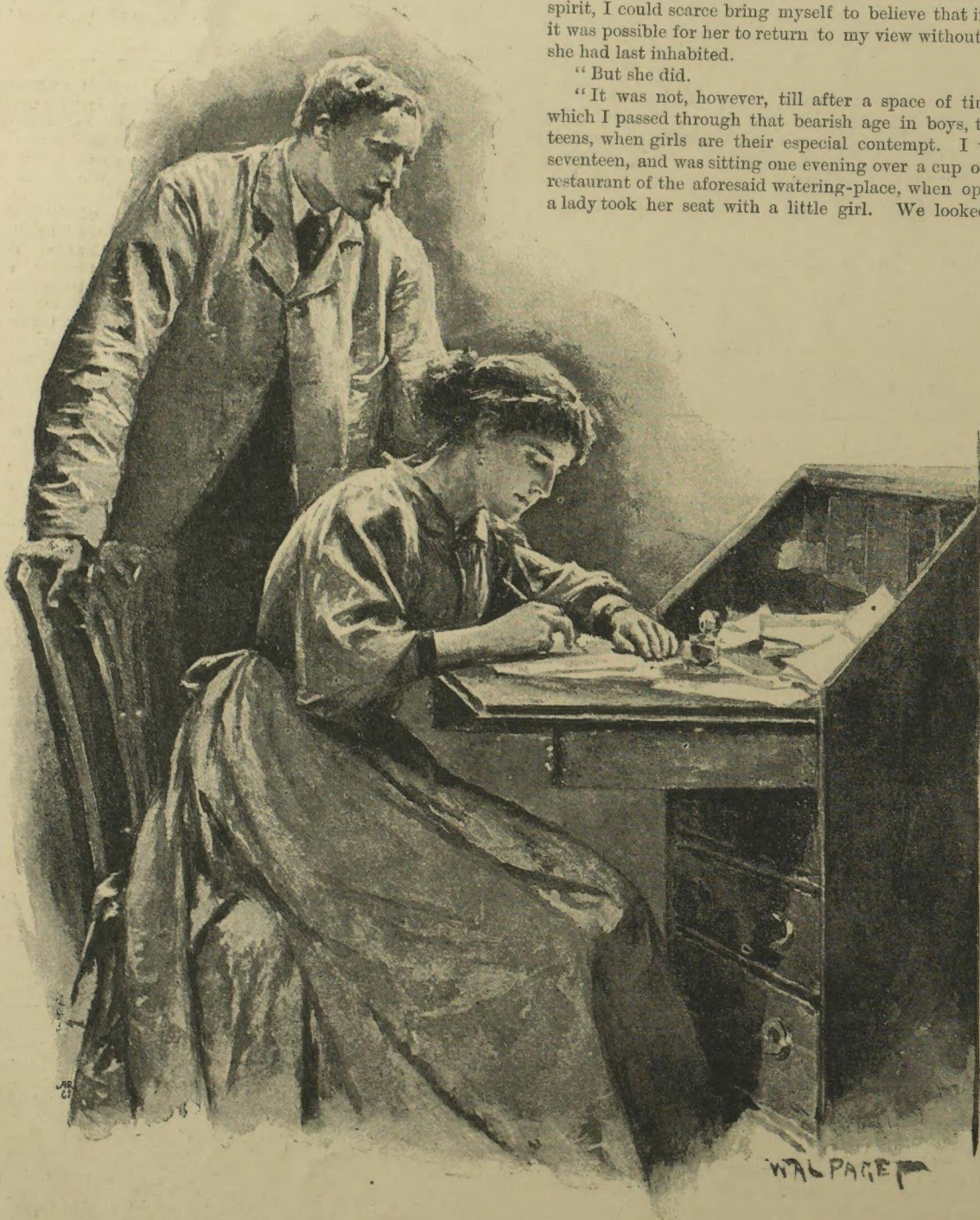
"I offered to show her, and did so. I will not go into particulars, but I afterwards saw her several times, and soon discovered that the Beloved (as to whose whereabouts I had been at fault so long) lurked here. Though why she had chosen this tantalising situation of an inaccessible matron's form when so many others offered, it was beyond me to discover. The whole affair ended innocently enough, when the lady left the town with her husband and child: she seemed to regard our acquaintance as a flirtation; yet it was anything but a flirtation for me!

"After this, the Well-Beloved put herself in evidence with greater and greater frequency, and it would be impossible for me to give you details of her various incarnations. She came nine times in the course of the two or three ensuing years. Four times she masqueraded as a brunette, twice as a pale-haired creature, and two or three times under a complexion neither light nor dark. Sometimes she was a tall, fine girl. More often, I think, she preferred to slip into the skin of a lithe airy being, of no great stature. I grew so accustomed to these exits and entrances that I resigned myself to them quite passively, talked to her, kissed her, corresponded with her, ached for her, in each of her several guises. So it went on until a month ago. And then for the first time I was puzzled. She either had, or she had not, entered the person of Avice Caro, a young girl I had known from infancy. Upon the whole, I have decided that, after all, she did not enter the form of Avice Caro, because I retain so great a respect for her still."

Pearston here gave in brief the history of his revived comradeship with Avice, the verge of the engagement to which they had reached, and its unexpected rupture by him, merely through his meeting with a woman into whom the Well-Beloved unmistakably moved under his very eyes—by name Miss Marcia Bencomb. He described their spontaneous decision to marry offhand; and then he put it to Somers whether he ought to marry or not—her or anybody else—in such circumstances.

"Certainly not," said Somers. "Though, if anybody, little Avice. But not even her. You are like other men, only rather worse. Essentially, all men are fickle, like you; but not with such activity, such open-eyed perceptiveness."

"My dear Somers, fickle is not the word. Fickleness means getting weary of a thing while the thing remains the same. But I am faithful to what I fancy each woman to be till I come to close quarters with her. I have ever been faithful to the elusive ideal creature whom I have never been able to get a firm hold of, unless I have done so now. And let me tell you that her flitting from each to each individual has been anything but a pleasure for me—certainly not a wanton game of my instigation. Somers, to see the creature whom you have thought perfect, divine, lose under your very gaze the divinity which has informed her, grow commonplace, turn from flame to ashes, from a radiant vitality to a corpse, is anything but a pleasure for any man, and has been nothing less than a racking spectacle for me. Each mournful emptied shape stands ever after like the nest of some beautiful bird from which the inhabitant has departed and left it to fill with



"I have told my husband everything, and he is looking over my shoulder as I write."



snow. I have been ready to weep when I have looked in a face for Her I used to see there, and can see Her there no more."

"You ought not to marry," repeated Somers.

"Then no man ought."

"No man ought—there you've hit it," replied the painter.

Pearston soon after took his leave. A friend's advice not to embark on matrimony is just the feather-weight required to turn the scale and make a man do it. He quickly returned to Miss Bencomb.

She was different now. Anxiety had visibly brought her down a notch or two; undone a few degrees of that haughty curl which her lip could occasionally assume. "How long you have been away!" she moaned tearfully, leaning her face against his shoulder.

"Never mind, darling. It is all arranged," said he.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A MISCALCULATION.

The pair had been married two months, and had just returned from a Continental trip to Pearston's house in Hintock Road, Kensington. They were getting through the heavy task of opening a heap of letters and papers which had accumulated since the last batch had been forwarded.

Pearston was filled with zest for availing himself to the utmost of the artistic stimulus afforded by London—that great and enlightened city, which dedicates its squares, streets, and parks to figure-heads and *faineants*, and a lane at the East-End to Shakspeare; and, with a view to showing its sympathy with a more rapid form of mental elevation than results from the tedious process of picture-gazing, makes its taverns the Sunday resort by closing its museums. Nevertheless, for them it was London or nowhere, and here they were going to make the best of their recent matrimonial plunge.

Marcia's parents, finding from the newspapers what had happened, put as hopeful a face as they could on the matter, but did not communicate with the truant. In birth the pair were about equal, but Marcia's family had gained a start in the accumulation of wealth and in the initiation of social distinction, which lent a colour to the feeling that the advantages of the match had been mainly on one side. Nevertheless, Pearston was a sculptor rising to fame by fairly rapid strides; and potentially the marriage was not a bad one for a woman who, beyond being the probable successor to a stone-merchant's considerable fortune, had no exceptional opportunities.

Among their letters was one for her, in which she was informed that her father and mother had gone to spend the winter in the Riviera and Italy. On this particular morning, as on most mornings, the London atmosphere was of a neat drab with the twenty-ninth fog of the season, and Marcia looked out of the window as far as she could see, which was two feet, and sighed. She had been eight weeks Pearston's wife.

"I should have been in the City of Flowers by this time if"—

"You hadn't been so foolish as to marry me," laughed Jocelyn.

She opened another letter.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, and burst into laughter.

"What is it?" asked her husband.

Marcia began to read the letter aloud. It came from an old lover of hers, an army man, who stated that he was on his way home to claim his darling, according to her plighted word.

She was half risible—half concerned. "What shall I do?" she said.

"Do? It seems to me that there is only one thing to do, and that a very obvious thing. Tell him as soon as possible that you are already married."

She accordingly wrote out a reply to that effect, Jocelyn helping her to make the phrases as gentle as possible.

"I repeat" (the letter concluded) "that I had quite forgotten! I am deeply sorry; but that is the truth. I have told my husband everything, and he is looking over my shoulder as I write."

Said Jocelyn, when he saw this set down: "You might leave out the last stab at the poor fellow."

"Stab, indeed! It isn't such a thing. Why does he come bothering me? Jocelyn, you ought to be very proud that I have put it in. You said the other day I was conceited in declaring I might have married that science-man I spoke of; but now you see there was yet another available."

He, impatiently, "Well, no more about that. To my mind this is a decidedly unpleasant degrading business, though you treat it so lightly. Making a fool of a man! You ought to have remembered."

"H'm—or ought to have married him?"

"Yes. I wonder if I should have suffered much in that alternative?"

"I only did half what you did."

"What was that?"

"I only proved false through forgetfulness, but you were false deliberately."

"To whom?"

"Avice Caro."

"Don't vex me about her, or I shall regret the falseness, as you call it—for more reasons than one."

By degrees Pearston fell into his customary round of existence; his profession occupied him to the exclusion of domestic affairs; but with Marcia life began to be rather dull. Her parents were not resentful or bitter, but they were not very warm. They had returned to London, and, while willing to receive Marcia at their house, refrained from calling on the young couple. Pearston was a little sarcastic at their obvious estimate of him, and Marcia took umbrage at his sarcasm.

"I am one deserving of satire, if anybody! What a foolish girl I was to run away from a father for such a trumpery reason as a little scolding because I had exceeded my allowance!"

"I advised you to go back."

"In a sort of way; not in the right tone. You spoke most contemptuously of my father as a merchant."

"I couldn't speak otherwise of such a man."

"Such a man! What have you to say against him?"

"A very great deal, if it comes to that. I know that at one time he made it the business of his life to ruin my father."

"It is not true, Sir! That narrow, grovelling miser be ruined by an open-handed man like my father! It is like your misrepresentations to say that!"

"By God! Marcia, you do exasperate me! I could give you every step of the proceeding in detail—the getting the quarries, the underhand!"

"It is untrue! There was no such proceeding!"

Pearston, without replying for a moment, gazed at the fine picture of scorn that his Juno-wife's face and dark eyes presented.

"I ought to have known it," he murmured.

"What?"

"That such a face as that meant temper."

She left the room. Some days after the subject was renewed by their seeing in a local paper an announcement of the marriage of Avice Caro with her cousin. Jocelyn remembered him, though but indistinctly. He had been the manager of her mother's quarries since her father's death, and had recently been thrown much in her company.

Jocelyn sat in a reverie.

"You spoke of my temper the other day," said she. "Do you think temper had nothing to do with your dear Avice's quick marriage?"

"She was not 'dear,' not dear enough, at any rate, to me."

"Unfortunately for me."

"Well, yes, I ought to have married her, because she was the only woman I never loved. But instead of wedding Rosaline, Romeo must needs go marrying Juliet; and that's where he made the mistake. A fortunate thing for the affections of those two that they died. In a month or two the enmity of their families would have proved a fruitful source of dissension; Juliet would have lived with her people, he with his; the subject would have split them as much as it has split us."

Thus it began and continued in the home of these hastily wedded ones. Sometimes it was worse, far worse, than a hot quarrel. There was a calm, cold reasoning in their discussions, and they talked in complete accord of the curse of matrimony. In their ill-matched junction on the strength of a two or three days' passion they felt the full irksomeness of a formal tie which, as so many have discovered, did not become necessary till it was a cruelty to them.

A legal marriage it was, but not a true marriage. In the night they heard sardonic voices and laughter in the wind at the ludicrous facility afforded them by events for taking a step in two days which they could not retrace in a lifetime, despite their mutual desire as the two persons solely concerned.

Marcia's haughty temper unfolded in the direction of irascibility when she beheld clearly in what a trap she had been ensnared. She was her husband's property, like one of his statues that he could not sell. "Was there ever anything more absurd in history," she said bitterly to him one day, "than that grey-headed legislators from time immemorial should have gravely based inflexible laws upon the ridiculous dream of young people that a transient mutual desire for each other was going to last for ever!"

Jocelyn saw that the slow and mournful departure of the Well-Beloved from the form at his side was hastened, to one of his unfortunate temperaments, by the tie that was supposed to hinder it. He thought sometimes that if the law had ordained separate residences, with periodical visitations strictly limited to Sundays and holidays as the rigorous matrimonial condition, he might have got on with Marcia, despite her *Quos egos* and high-handed rulings; indeed, in such circumstances those traits would not have been unattractive to him. But love's dewy freshness could not live under a vertical sun, and that gradual substitution of friendship, which is indispensable and, perhaps, usual in marriage, was not possible with natures so jarring as these.

There followed a long period of dreary calm, and then the storm which had been gathering under its silence burst forth with unmitigated fury.

The Well-Beloved had quite vanished away. What had become of her Pearston knew not, but not a line of her was any longer discoverable in Marcia's contours, not a sound of her in Marcia's accents. Having entered into a signed and sealed contract to do no such thing, he would not in honour look about to discover the other's lurking-place; but he sometimes trembled at the thought of what would become of that solemn covenant if she were suddenly to disclose herself and confront him before he was aware. Once or twice he fancied that he saw her in the distance—at the end of a street, on the far sands of a shore, in a window, or at the opposite side of a railway station; but he always religiously turned on his heel and walked the other way (especially if Marcia was with him).

There came a day when she returned from visiting her mother at Kensington, bringing the news that, travel having benefited her father's health so markedly on the last occasion, her parents had decided on a tour round the world, and a possible stay with her uncle, who was a banker in San Francisco. Since retiring from his large business, old Mr. Bencomb had not known what to do with his leisure. They were going to let their house on a lease or sell it outright, rating London life as dreary by comparison with cosmopolitan freedom and an absence of responsibility in the conduct of the world's affairs.

"And here am I chained to London!" Marcia added. "You said you were going to revisit Rome and Athens, but you don't. I wish I could go with them."

"Go, in Heaven's name! I don't hinder you," said he.

"You are always, it seems to me, dwelling upon the inconveniences I have caused you by marrying you, and thereby interfering with your natural life. Why doesn't your father come and talk over his project like a man, and perhaps I could arrange to go with them."

"That would be treachery to your own dear parent, so cruelly robbed by my wicked one."

"Now, no more of that, Marcia! . . . Though it is true enough."

"It is not!"

"It is. I have the papers to prove it."

"I tell you it is not so, Sir!" she cried. "It was an honest trade rivalry. Don't you be so fond of your insinuations! A miserly, grasping skin-flint!"

"Upon my soul, Marcia, I won't hear you, or anybody else, call my father names! Why, you mean woman, we are partly living, aren't we; at this very moment, upon what he allows me; and you can put your tongue to such an expression as that!"

"And you can put your tongue to call me a mean hussy!"

"I didn't."

"You did!"

Jocelyn sprang up to leave the room, and her anger being culminative, she caught up the first thing she could seize, which happened to be one of his statuettes, and flung it at his head. The figure missed him, but struck the wall, and fell broken to atoms. The sight of his darling little work irretrievably ruined so exasperated Pearston that he rushed back, took her by the shoulders, and shook her: after which he went out of the room; put on his hat, and departed for his club.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FAMILIAR PHENOMENA IN THE DISTANCE.

After four years of common residence, diversified by drawing-room incidents of this lively character, these two irreconcilables parted by common consent. The voyage of Marcia's parents had implanted in them a zest for the New World, already the home of some relatives; Marcia's father, a man still in full vigour of life except at intervals, found occupation for the leisure which the sale of his business afforded him in investing capital in undertakings commensurate with the scale of the country wherein they were to be carried out; and when in the development of these schemes he again rejoined his brother in the Western States Marcia accompanied him.

The separation was quite of an informal kind, each merely promising the other never to intrude into that other's life again, by written word or personal presence: its object being to undo, as far as lay in their power, the mischief that misapprehension of each other's characters had effected during the past few years.

Marcia declared she would never return to England, but would make her home with her uncle on the Pacific shore. "And for my part," she added in this her last letter to him, "I fail to see why, in making each our own home, we should not make our own matrimonial laws if we choose. This may seem an advanced view, but I am not ashamed of advanced views. If I strictly confine myself to one hemisphere, and you, as I expect you to do, confine yourself to the other, any new fiew may form can affect nobody but ourselves. As I shall feel myself at liberty to form such, I accord the same liberty to you."

Whether the advanced idea were a Parthian fling of defiance, which she had no intention whatever of acting on, or whether it were written coolly, as a possible contingency, with an eye on the jilted Indian captain, Pearston had no means of knowing.

A long period of outward stagnation followed the break-up of his house and home. During the interval Jocelyn threw into creations that ever-bubbling spring of emotion which, without some conduit into space, will surge upwards and ruin a man. It was probably owing to this, certainly not on account of any care or anxiety for such a result, that he was successful in his art, successful by a seemingly sudden spurt, which carried him at one bound over the hindrances of years.

He prospered without effort. He was an A.R.A.

But recognitions of this sort, social distinctions, which he had once coveted so keenly, seemed to have no utility for him now. Pearston, now practically a bachelor, was floating in society without any soul anchorage or spot that he could call his own; and, for want of a domestic centre, round which honours might crystallize, they dispersed in impalpable vapour without accumulating or adding specific gravity to his material position.

He would have gone on working with his chisel with just as much zest if his creations had been doomed to be seen by no mortal eye but his own. By reason of this indifference to the popular reception of his dream-figures he acquired a curious artistic *aplomb* that carried him through the gusts of opinion without suffering them to disturb his inherent bias.

The study of beauty was his only joy. In the streets he would observe a face, or a fraction of a face, which seemed to express to a hair's-breadth in mutable flesh what he was at that moment wishing to express in durable shape. He would dodge and follow the owner like a detective; in omnibus, in cab, in steam-boat, through crowds, into shops, churches, theatres, public-houses, and slums—mostly, when at close quarters, to be disappointed for his pains.

In these beauty-chases he sometimes cast his eye across the Thames to the wharves on the south side, and to that particular one whereat his father's tons of freestone were daily landed from the ketches of the south coast. He could occasionally discern lying there those white blocks, persistently nibbled by his parent from that island rock in the English Channel all familiar to Jocelyn, so persistently as if in time his father would nibble it all away.

One thing it passed him to understand: on what field of observation the poets and philosophers based their assumption that the passion of love was intensest in youth and burnt lower as the years advanced. It was possibly because of his utter domestic loneliness, but it was certainly the fact, that during the years which followed his wife's departure, when he was drifting along from five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty years of age, Pearston occasionally loved with an ardour—though, it is true, also with a self-control—unknown to him when he was green in judgment.

The Well-Beloved—now again on earth—was always existing somewhere near him. For months he would find her on the stage of a theatre; then she would flit away, leaving the poor, empty carcass that had lodged her to mumm on as best it could without her—a sorry lay figure to his eyes, heaped with imperfections and sullied with commonplace. She would reappear, it might be, in an at first unnoticed lady, met at some fashionable "crush," exhibition, bazaar, or dinner; to flit from her, in turn, after a few months, and stand as a graceful shop-girl at some large drapery establishment or other into which he had strayed on an unaccustomed errand. Then she would forsake this figure and redisclose herself in the guise of some popular authoress, pianiste, or fiddleress, at whose shrine he would worship for perhaps a twelvemonth. Once she was a dancing-girl at the Royal Moorish Palace of Varieties, though during her whole continuance at that establishment he never once exchanged a word with his Beloved, nor did she while there ever dream of his existence. He knew that a ten-minutes' conversation in the wings with the substance would send the elusive phantom scurrying fearfully away into some other even less accessible mask-figure.



She was a blonde, a brunette, tall, *petite, svelte*, straight-featured, full, curvilinear. Only one quality remained unalterable in her: her instability of tenure. In Börne's phrase, nothing was permanent in her but change.

"It is odd," he said to himself, "that this experience of mine, or idiosyncrasy, or whatever it is, which would be sheer waste of time for other men, creates sober business for me." For all these dreams he translated into marble, and found that by them he was hitting a public taste he had never deliberately aimed at, and mostly despised. He was, in short, in danger of drifting away from a solid artistic reputation to a popularity which might possibly be as brief as it would be brilliant and exciting.

"You will be caught some day, my friend," Somers would occasionally observe to him. "I don't mean to say entangled in anything discreditable, for I admit that you are in practice a moral man; I mean the process will be reversed. Some woman, whose Well-Beloved flits about as yours does now, will catch your eye, and you'll stick to her like a limpet, while she follows her phantom and leaves you to ache as you will."

"You may be right, but I think you are wrong," said Pearston. "As flesh she dies daily, like the Apostle's material self; because when I grapple with the reality she's no longer in it, so that I cannot stick to one incarnation if I would."

"Wait till you are older," said Somers.

behaved him to make inquiries, so as to ascertain if she wished for an allowance.

Neither letters nor advertisements brought any tidings. Nothing more could be done without personal search; and that he resolved to make the year following, if he heard nothing of her earlier. Her parents were, he believed, dead; possibly she had formed the new tie of which she had spoken, and had no wish to be recognised by her old name.

A reposeful time ensued. His first entry into society after his father's death occurred one evening, when, for want of knowing what better to do, he responded to a card of invitation sent by one of the few ladies of rank whom he numbered among his friends, and set out in a cab for the square wherein she lived during three or four months of the year.

The hansom turned the corner, and he obtained a raking view of the houses along the north side, of which hers was one, with the familiar linkman at the door. There were Chinese lanterns, too, on the balcony. He perceived in a moment that the customary "small and early" reception had resolved itself on this occasion into something very like large and late. He remembered that there had just been a political crisis, which accounted for the enlargement of the Countess of Channelcliffe's assembly; for hers was one of the neutral or non-political houses at which more politics are agitated than at the professedly party gatherings.

There was such a string of carriages that Pearston did not

holder forthwith. By this time some more people had surged upstairs, and Pearston prepared to move on.

"You are looking for somebody—I can see that," said she.

"Yes—a lady," said Pearston.

"Tell me her name, and I'll try to think if she's here."

"I cannot; I don't know it," he said.

"What is she like?"

"I cannot describe her, not even her dress."

Lady Channelcliffe looked a pout, as if she thought he were teasing her, and he moved on in the current. The fact was that, for a moment, Pearston fancied he had discovered her he was in search of lurking in the person of the very hostess he had conversed with, who was charming always, and particularly charming to-night; he was just feeling an incipient consternation at the possibility of such a jade's trick in his Well-Beloved, who had once before chosen to embody herself as a married woman, though, happily, at that time with no serious results. However, he felt that he had been mistaken, and that the fancy had been solely owing to the highly charged electric condition in which he had arrived by reason of his recent isolation.

The whole set of rooms formed one great utterance of the opinions of the hour. The high gods of party were present, and the brilliancy of style and form in their handling of public questions was only less conspicuous than the paucity of their original ideas. But Jocelyn's mind did not run in this



Jocelyn sprang up to leave the room.

But Pearston's artistic emotions were abruptly suspended by the news of his father's sudden death at Sandbourne, whither the merchant had lately gone for a change of air by the advice of his physician.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE OLD PHANTOM BECOMES DISTINCT.

Mr. Pearston, senior, it must be admitted, had been something miserly in his home life. But he had never stinted his son. He had been rather a hard taskmaster, though, as a paymaster, trustworthy; a ready-money man, just and ungenerous. To everyone's surprise, the capital he had accumulated in the stone trade was of large amount for a business so unostentatiously carried on—much larger than Jocelyn had ever regarded as possible. While the son had been modelling and chipping his ephemeral fancies into perennial shape, the father had been persistently chiselling for half a century at the original matter of those shapes, the stern, isolated rock in the Channel; and by the aid of his cranes and pulleys, his trolleys and his boats, had sent off his spoil to all parts of Great Britain. When Jocelyn had wound up everything and disposed of the business, as recommended by his father's will, he found himself enabled to add about eighty thousand pounds to the twelve thousand which he already possessed from professional and other sources.

After arranging for the sale of some freehold properties in the island other than quarries—for he did not intend to reside there—he returned to town. He had promised his wife never to trouble her again; nor for a whole dozen years had he done so; but in this access of means he considered that it

wait to take his turn at the door, but alighted some yards off and walked forward. He had to stay a moment behind the wall of spectators which barred his way, and as he paused some ladies in white cloaks crossed from their carriages to the door on the carpet laid for the purpose. He had not seen their faces, nothing of them but vague forms, and yet he was suddenly seized with a presentiment. Its gist was that he might be going to re-encounter the Well-Beloved that night: after long, long hiding she meant to reappear and intoxicate him. That liquid sparkle of the eye, that lingual music, that turn of the head, how well he knew it all, despite the many superficial changes, and how instantly he would recognise it under whatever complexion, contour, accent, height, or carriage that it might choose to masquerade!

Pearston's other conjecture, that the night was to be a lively one, received confirmation as soon as he reached the hall, where a simmer of excitement was perceptible as the surplus or overflow from above down the staircase—a feature which he had always noticed to be present when any climax or sensation had been reached in the political world.

"And where have you been keeping yourself so long, young man?" said his hostess, archly, when he had shaken hands with her. Pearston was always regarded as a young man. "Oh, yes, of course, I remember," she added, looking serious in a moment at thought of his loss. The Countess was a woman with a good-natured manner, verging on that oft-claimed feminine quality, humour, and was quickly sympathetic. She then began to tell him of a scandal in the political side to which she nominally belonged, that had come out of the present crisis, and that, having sworn to abjure politics for ever on account of it, he was to regard her as a neutral house-

stream: he was like a stone in a brook, waiting for some peculiar floating object to be brought towards him and to stick upon his surface.

He was looking for the next new version of the fair one, and he did not consider at the moment, though he had done so at other times, that this presentiment of meeting her was, of all presentiments, just the sort of one to work out its own fulfilment.

He looked for her in the knot of persons gathered round an ex-Cabinet Minister of very high rank indeed, who was standing in the middle of the largest room discoursing in the genial, almost jovial, manner natural to him at these times. The two or three ladies forming his audience had been joined by another, and it was on her that Pearston's attention was directed, as well as the great statesman's, whose first sheer gaze at her, expressing "Who are you?" almost audibly, changed into an interested, listening look as the few words she spoke were uttered—for the ex-Minister differed from many of his standing in being extremely careful not to interrupt a timid speaker, giving way in an instant if anybody else began with him. Nobody knew better than himself his own limitations, and his manner was that of a man who could catch an idea readily, even if he could not create one.

The lady told her little story—whatever it was Jocelyn could not hear it—the ex-Cabinet Minister laughed: "Haugh-haugh-haugh!"

The lady blushed. Jocelyn, wrought up to a high tension by the aforesaid presentiment that his Shelleyan "One-shape-of-many-names" was about to reappear, paid little heed to the man of State, watching for a full view of the lady who had won his attention.

(To be continued.)





LITTLE did the young poet dream when on that great day of Byron's death he went and carved "Byron is dead!" in the sandstone, feeling, as he said, that the world was at an end—little did he dream that some day to come his own death would seem no less momentous to the English world. Tennyson is dead! "Byron is dead!" could have meant no more for him than that means for us.

It is hard to imagine three births in one year of more prodigious import than those which fell together in the year 1809—Mr. Gladstone, Darwin, and Alfred Tennyson. To imagine the course of English history since then with the influences of these great individualities eliminated is to realise the almost appalling power of single personalities. Modern politics without Mr. Gladstone, modern science without Darwin, modern poetry without Tennyson! As we look back, our whole subsequent developments seem to have lain in embryo in the year of 1809.

It was on Aug. 5 of that *annus mirabilis*, "just before midnight," to quote his own authority, that Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby Rectory, in Lincolnshire—

The poet in a golden clime was born.

With golden stars above.

If, in some eyes, Lincolnshire, rich in pastoral beauty as it is, famous as that beauty has become, hardly seems to fill the measure of "a golden clime," at least in the ideal conditions of the poet's birth we find the "golden stars." Perhaps no poet who has ever lived, certainly no English poet, has so consistently, from birth to death, been poet, all poet, and nothing but poet. If Tennyson's poetry be regarded as the perfection of art, certainly it has sprung from the perfection of culture. No orchid has ever been produced under more favourable conditions. To begin with, his parents brought him an inheritance of physical vigour, spiritual charm, and intellectual distinction. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie describes his father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., as "a tall, striking, and impressive man, full of accomplishments and parts, a strong nature, high-souled, high-tempered." Old blood, already tried in the past, ran in his veins, that of the Tennysons d'Eyncourt. Both father and mother had deep strains of poetry in them.

Mrs. Tennyson is described as "a sweet and gentle and most imaginative woman," so tender-hearted that, as an

amusing story goes, humorous miscreants from a neighbouring village "used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them in order to be bribed to leave off by the gentle lady, or to make advantageous bargains by selling her the worthless curs." From his mother Tennyson seems to have especially inherited the deep religious note of his character. Nor was he the only inheritor of the

the young poet early lisped in numbers, and there are not wanting sentimental biographers who, after their fashion, have chronicled the lisps. Imaginative children, the Somersby youngsters played at knights and chivalry like other imaginative children, and they wrote poems on slates accordingly.

Alfred's first poem was written at the instigation of

his elder brother, Charles, on "the flowers in the garden." It was modelled on Thomson's "Seasons," the only poetry he had then read. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, with all the sententiousness of an Eton jacket, as he handed back Alfred's slate. The other well-known anecdote is of his grandfather, a successful solicitor, who suggested his writing an elegy on his grandmother. When the poem was written, "There," said his grandfather, slipping ten shillings into his hand, "there, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last." One recalls more recent famous stories of Lord Tennyson's dealings with his publishers, and smiles. Even from the first, Tennyson seems to have been remarkably successful in such dealings, for who else has ever persuaded a publisher to give him £10 for a first volume? Yet such was the sum paid by Messrs. J. and J. Jackson, of Louth (where Alfred and Charles were for a time at school), for "Poems by Two Brothers" (1827, pp. xii., 228), a volume chiefly interesting now as witnessing the Byronic devotion of the young poets, further illustrated in the pretty story above alluded to. But, even so early, one can find in the volume lines with the ring that was to become so hauntingly familiar, lines such as—

... the glutting wave  
That says eternally the cold gray  
steep;  
The tolling of thy funeral bell,  
The nine low notes that spoke thy  
knell;

or the phrase, "Holds communion with the dead."

afterwards used, word for word, in "In Memoriam." The reading, too, displayed in the many erudite mottoes was prophetic of the poet who was to be known as the most learned poet since Milton.

Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1828, was the next stage, marked by the prize-poem "Timbuctoo," and the poet's memorable friendship with Arthur Hallam. At college he also wrote "The Lover's Tale," not published till 1879. But it was with "Poems, chiefly Lyric," in 1830, that



THE LATE LORD TENNYSON, IN HIS VELVET SKULL-CAP.

From a hitherto unpublished portrait by Cameron and Smith.

family distinction. Of the family of twelve which his parents brought into the world, two besides himself were poets of some reputation. Mr. Frederick Tennyson, the eldest, is still with us, and Alfred's best-beloved brother, Charles, better known as Charles Tennyson-Turner, has a fame as sonneteer that needs no borrowed lustre. But it goes without saying that Alfred had the giant's share of the family inspiration. Reared from his earliest days in an atmosphere of books and dreams, it was no wonder that



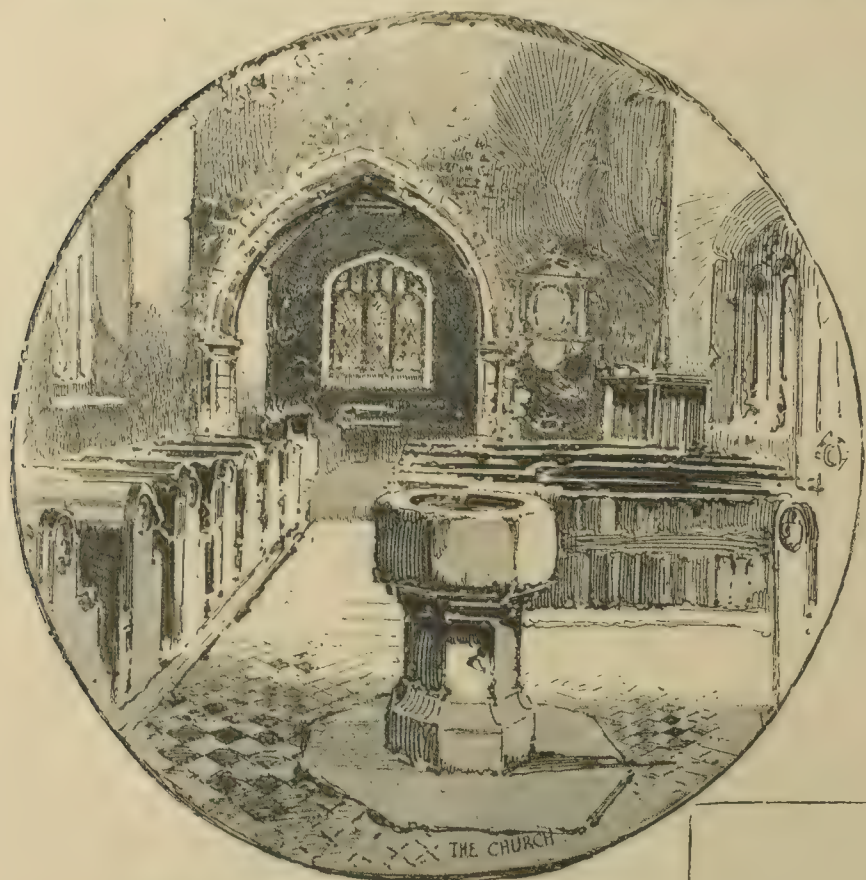


SOMERSBY RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF LORD TENNYSON.



ROOM IN WHICH THE POET WAS BORN AT SOMERSBY.

sadly re-echoing in his later correspondence. His genius, he upheld, was entirely lyrical. On Sept. 15, 1833, Arthur Hallam died suddenly at Vienna. Two years



INTERIOR OF SOMERSBY CHURCH.

the distinctive Tennyson, as his characteristics have since been impressed upon us, became known. Therein for the first time we meet with "Lilian," with "Mariana" and "Oriana," with "The Mermaid," and "The Recollections of the Arabian Nights," still fine after sixty years—wonderful poems, with all their hothouse euphuism, for a boy of twenty-one. Hallam wrote an article on the volume, hardly less wonderful for so young a man, in the *Englishman's Magazine* for 1831, in the course of which he fixed Tennyson's characteristics with remarkable precision, dropping at least one remark of vital criticism on Tennyson's dramatic gifts and limitations, when he spoke of the poet's power "of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character." The *Westminster Review* praised. So did Leigh Hunt. But in May 1832 came the famous counterblast from "Christopher North" (Professor Wilson) in *Blackwood's*—slogging enough criticism, though with some show of reason for all that, but now chiefly important as being the means of drawing from Tennyson the first example of the very bitter and trenchant satire of which he several times afterwards proved himself the master—notably in the case of Lord Lytton ("the padded man who wears the stays") and the famous parable of the flower and the weed. In 1832 came the more important "Poems by Alfred Tennyson" (dated 1833), containing such poems as "The Miller's Daughter," "The May Queen," "The Palace of Art," and "The Lotus-Eaters." Even so early (he was but twenty-three) had the poet achieved work which no inconsiderable section of his admirers consider his high-water mark. Edward Fitzgerald, for example, would never hear of any of his poems after the 1842 volume, with the exception of a few lyrics such as "Tears, idle tears," which "Old Fitz" kept so



SOMERSBY CHURCH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

previously the friends had walked the Pyrenees together. What Hallam's death meant to Tennyson no one need be told, for the "In Memoriam" which years after it called forth is, perhaps, the greatest elegiac monument in the language. It is a friend's "passion for his *Astrophel*," but how much more! How



THE MANOR HOUSE, SOMERSBY, "THE MOATED GRANGE."





THE PARISH CHURCH, LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

fruitfully has the personal sorrow been raised into the typical, and made the starting-point for deep musings on the universal loss! In 1831 his father had died, and in 1835 the Tennyson family left Somersby, Alfred coming to

first of our living poets." Poe even had gone farther: "I am not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets." His personal relations with Carlyle seem to have been the closest: inspiring, on Carlyle's part, a quite unwonted affection. It is thus Carlyle describes him, in a letter to Emerson—

Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures who are and remain beautiful to me—a living human soul, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive, aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to.

"Will Waterproof" preserves a picture of the genial side of Tennyson's life at this time. But, though thus recognised among his peers, it was with the publication of the two volumes of "Poems" in 1842 that the public fairly awoke to the fact that another great poet was in their midst. The volumes included a reprint of the earlier verses, but also such important new poems as "The Two



The Grammar School, Louth

not see a witness to the instinctive lyrical character of his genius? In 1857 he printed, but suppressed before publication, "Enid and Nimue"; and in 1859 came the "Idylls of the King," followed by "Enoch Arden" in 1864; "The



TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The late Poet Laureate's rooms were over the entrance of the college gateway. His son Lionel afterwards occupied the same rooms.

live in London, where he was received on equal terms by Carlyle, Thackeray, Sterling, Landor, and all the well-known literary men of his day. All, from the first, held the highest idea of his genius. Landor compared the fragment of the "Morte d'Arthur" to Homer, and a year or two later Wordsworth wrote that he was "decidedly the

What profits now to understand  
The merits of a spotless shirt,  
A dapper boot, a little hand,  
If half the little soul is dirt?

In 1847 appeared "The Princess," a poem which, with all its fine passages and charming songs, yet marked the beginning of that artificial style of presentation, that somewhat bloodless characterisation, which was to be the sapping defect in the "Idylls of the King"; a defect, however, much exaggerated by those who will only regard them from the standpoint of drama, instead of considering them as parts of a great allegoric poem—a modern "Faerie Queen"—rich in essential poetic beauty, lovely as a missal with delicious nature-poetry, strong with many a high moral and spiritual counsel. The year 1850 marks three important events in Tennyson's life—the publication of "In Memoriam"; his marriage with Miss Emily Sellwood, a niece of Sir John Franklin; and his appointment, on Nov. 19, to the Laureateship, vacant by the death of Wordsworth, April 23.

Thence the story of his life becomes mainly a bibliography of certain poems and volumes—the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" in 1852; "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in 1854; "Maud" in 1855—in the poet's well-known preference for which may we

Voices," "Morte d'Arthur," "Dora," "Lady Clare," "Break, Break," "Ulysses," "Godiva," and "Locksley Hall." So remarkable was their success that in 1845 Sir Robert Peel granted him a pension of £200 a year. As was to be expected, such success was not without its satirist. Lord Lytton, in "The New Timon," sneered at The jingling medley of purloined conceits, Out-babbling Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats. Poor Lord Lytton, with his stillborn "King Arthur"! Tennyson retorted in a crushing piece of characterisation, referred to above—



THE LIME WALK, CAMBRIDGE.

Window; or, "The Loves of the Wrens," set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, in 1867; "The Holy Grail" in 1869, and "Gareth and Lynette" in 1872. In 1875 Lord Tennyson, prompted by that fascination of the drama which seems fatally to attract the lyrical genius, inaugurated his dramatic



THE HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM IN WHICH THE POET LIVED AFTER MARRIAGE.



SHIPLAKE CHURCH, WHERE ALFRED TENNYSON WAS MARRIED IN 1850.



period with "Queen Mary," a play which, if it be admitted has hardly had full justice, still fails, nevertheless, in the real essentials of drama. It was produced with a certain measure of success at the Lyceum in the same year, with Mr. Irving as Philip of Spain and Miss Bateman as Mary. "Harold" followed in 1876, and in 1878 came "The Revenge; a Ballad of the Fleet," a fine thing, which, in its success, demonstrated where Tennyson's dramatic limitations lay. Dramatic narrative, "monodrama" ("the dramatic idyll," as Browning described it)—the embodiment of "moods of character," as Hallam said—therein was his forte; but "drama" in its fullest interpretation, the interplay of diverse individuality, for that he had little gift, but in such dramatic moments or moods as "The Revenge" or, better still, "Rizpah," he was a master. "Eh! but he has the grip of it," was Carlyle's characteristic criticism. In 1879 was published "The Lover's Tale," a recasting of one of his earliest poems; and in 1880 the more important volume of "Ballads and Other Poems," containing, among others, the splendid "Rizpah" on which Mr. Swinburne has lavished historic praise. "Four lines of 'Rizpah,'" he wrote, indignantly combating Taine's comparison of Tennyson and Musset, "placed in one scale of the balance of judgment would send all the loveliest verse of Musset flying up in the other, to kick the beam and vanish."

In this same year the most determined attack on Tennyson's fame was made by Mr. Churton Collins in "A New

Study of Tennyson," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine* and recently republished, which, under the guise of a merely comparative study, amounted really to a wholesale arraignment of his originality—all possible and impossible assimilations from various poets being recorded. But, as such a comparison would tell equally against Milton, and as Mr. Collins showed himself temperamentally incapable of understanding the first principles of poetic beauty, Mr. Collins's book rather remains as a curiosity of criticism than any permanent depreciation of the poet's genius. What Mr. Collins could find no parallel for—the poet's own haunting voice—remains his own, in face of a thousand parallel passages. In 1881 the play of "The Cup" was produced at the Lyceum, with Mr. Irving and Miss Terry in the leading

parts, and in 1882 "The Promise of May," the least successful of the poet's dramatic essays, was performed at the Globe, under the direction of Mrs. Bernard Beere. In



ALFRED TENNYSON AS A YOUNG MAN.



THE POET'S FAVOURITE ARBOUR AT FARRINGFORD.



HASLEMERE, SURREY.



MEETING OF GENERAL GARIBALDI AND LORD TENNYSON IN 1861.

DRAWN BY SIR JOHN GILBERT.





FARRINGFORD HOUSE, FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT.

1883 the long friendship between Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone was signalised by their taking a sea-trip together to Copenhagen, where they were received by the King and Queen of Denmark, the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece, and the Princess of Wales. It was in the same year that he received the highest civic honour ever

THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

paid to poetry in England, in the offer by her Majesty of a peerage, which, in spite of much narrow and irresponsible criticism, he accepted, being gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, Jan. 18, 1884. In 1884 were published "The Cup" and "The Falcon" and "Becket," the latter

highly praised as an historical picture by the late J. R. Green. In 1885 appeared "Tiresias and Other Poems," a remarkable volume, especially when we consider that it appeared in the poet's seventy-sixth year. In 1886 came the much-discussed "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After," a somewhat regrettable recantation of the poet's youthful philosophy. In 1889 came "Demeter and Other Poems," another remarkably virile volume, and but this present year has come "The Foresters," which, if more of a masque than a play, yet did not lack the old grace of fancy and lyrical charm.

As we turn from this brief chronology, this significant index of sixty wondrous years, to try for a moment to realise what the familiar data mean for us, we are met with no small sense of bewilderment. The question is not so much what Tennyson has meant for us, but what has he not meant. It is impossible for us to estimate fully his influence upon our lives, for it was antenatal. Our mothers and fathers made love with his verse before we were born, we drew it in with our mothers' milk, it was in the first air we breathed, like "the sweet influences of Pleiades"; we made love to millers' daughters for the pleasure of quoting that dainty song about the necklace and the girdle; we drank our poetaster's half-pint of porter at "The Cock" because Will Waterproof had drunk his poet's pint of port there long before; and when the first dark spiritual clouds came on, when, maybe, friends grew cold and parents anxious, with what a thanksgiving of the heart did we one day read in "In Memoriam"—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

The lines are so hackneyed now you may smile to see them quoted, but think what an apocalypse they were to you at nineteen, before, like many another great paradox, they had become an axiom! The debt of two generations for those two lines alone is incalculable.

But the debt, to so all-inclusive a poet as Tennyson, is, like the gift, "as boundless as the sea."

In this eager, wistful day of spiritual unrest our first thanks to the poet are naturally for spiritual aid. "Watchman! what of the night?" How does he read the Sphinx riddle of the Dark? "God's in His heaven," cries Browning from his watchtower, and our gratitude becomes almost pathetic. We will forgive him anything, we will even read him, for that strong, cheering word. And so, perhaps, the deepest thanks of the heart to Tennyson will be for "In Memoriam."

One has only to take down one's old thumbed copy and follow the fervent markings to realise what a life and death poem it has been for us. How we hung on the great dignified utterance! Its very calm, almost complacence, which troubles some people, gave it



BUST OF TENNYSON.

AFTER THE LATE T. WOOLNER, R.A.



FRESHWATER BAY, ISLE OF WIGHT.

for some of us the greater authority. It was the reflection of the poet's own hard-won peace. He had fought the spectres of the mind and he had laid them. The quiet was the strength of victory; we felt in it the steady, untroubled, certain gaze of one whose eye had actually pierced the

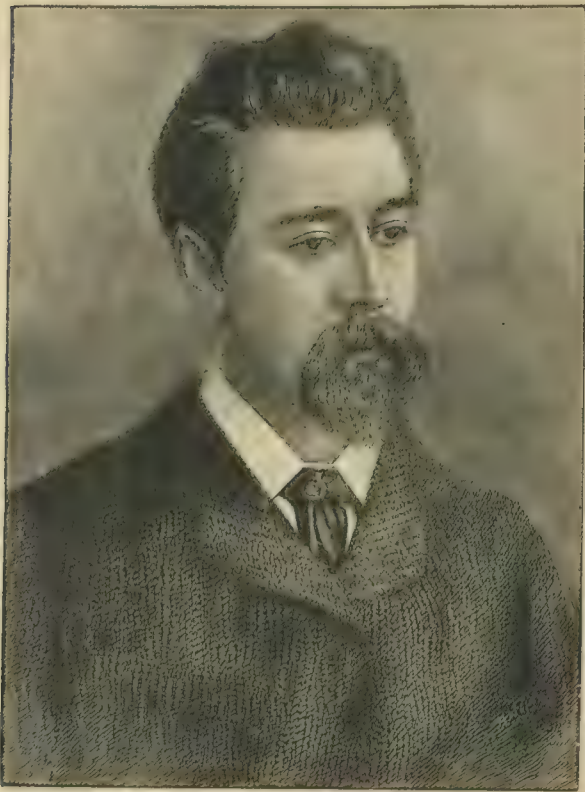


LORD TENNYSON'S STUDY AT FRESHWATER.



THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.





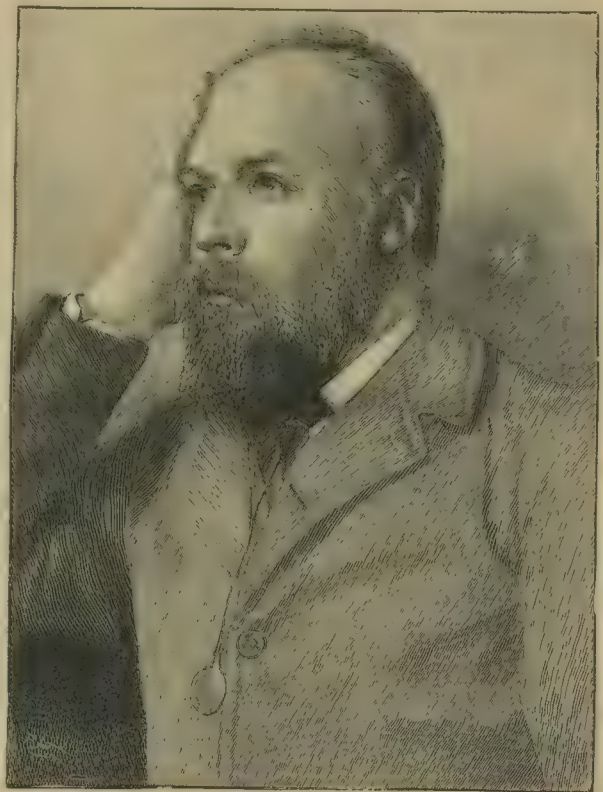
THE LATE HON. LIONEL TENNYSON.

moreover, we feel that Tennyson was not so much an optimist by nature. There are those who are never tired of sneering at what they call "the commonplace thought" of "In Memoriam."

New men that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past.

For such the simple is always the commonplace. They are ever crying out for a solution of "the world-riddle," but they never heed as one great man after another tells them that the only solution is to be patient, to live in the sun, and love your neighbour. These are too simple, commonplace solutions; in fact, the modern man and woman really seek no solution, but rather one who will present the puzzle in a still more puzzling light. As the well of truth, time after time, grows clear again they love still to keep stirring up the mud—still the same old mud, which can but sink to the bottom again with the same old solution.

But, seduced by the spirit of the age, we dwell too long on the spiritual side of Tennyson's muse, a constituent arising, as we have said, out of the sharp needs of a transitional time rather than of the eternal conditions of poetry. The first authentic message of poetry is not in any overt spiritual assurance, but in the deeper mystical witness of Beauty. It is in the magic which out of such materials as pain and death can alchemise a beauty which is a joy for ever that the real optimistic message of poetry lies. Not so much in these direct confessions of faith, of which we have spoken, as in the presiding rainbow beauty of the whole, is the real message of "In Memoriam."



THE HON. HALLAM TENNYSON.

doubt and rested in  
tranquil security on  
the faith beyond—

He saw thro' life and  
death, thro' good and ill,  
He saw thro' his own  
soul.

The marvel of the ever-  
lasting will,  
An open scroll,  
Before him lay . . .

And all is well, tho'  
faith and form  
Be sunder'd in the  
night of fear;  
Well roars the storm  
to those that hear  
A deeper voice across  
the storm.

There are those who say that Browning's optimism carries more conviction than Tennyson's, for the reason that we feel in it more the personal note; but to us it seems for that very reason the less convincing—so curious are the divergences of temperament. Browning cries out his hail-fellow message much as Mr. John Burns salutes us from the shaft of a wagon in Hyde Park. His message, to our mind, loses its authority, from its very familiarity. We see too much of the man, see that he is, as we say, of a sanguine temperament, fear that his optimism comes easily to him. Actually it is less reasoned, more offered on trust, than Tennyson's, apparently more oracular message. In the case of the "In Memoriam" we see more of the process by which the new honest doubt is transmuted into the old simple faith—there are more marks of the struggle, and,



THE LATE LORD TENNYSON, LADY TENNYSON, AND THE HON. HALLAM TENNYSON.

Death is seen, in-  
deed, to be but

A sea-change  
Into something rich and  
strange.

Beauty is the rain-  
bow in which poetry  
alone delivers its  
primal message.  
That was Keats's  
meaning in his  
somewhat gnomic  
dictum—"Beauty  
is truth," &c.  
Beauty, even more  
than Browning, is  
our assurance that  
God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the  
world.

In that testimony  
of beauty Tenny-  
son's poetry is rich  
beyond all thanks-  
giving. In no  
poetry has "the  
light that never  
was on sea or  
land" been so  
constant a pre-  
sence. He shares,  
in no small  
measure, that  
vision through

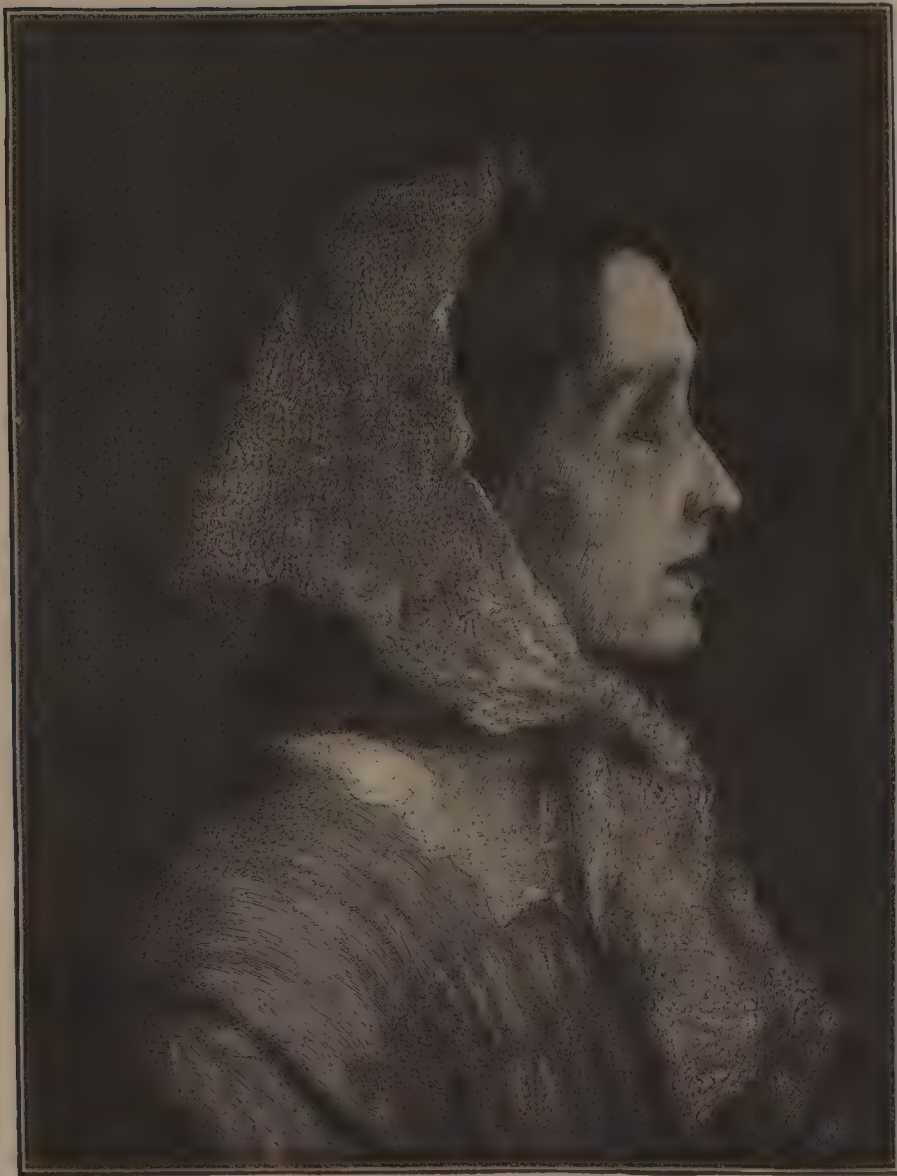
Charm'd magic case-  
ments, opening on the  
foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery  
lands forlorn,

which is the dis-  
tinctive gift of  
Coleridge and of  
Keats. Surely "The  
Lotos-Eaters" is  
near to Keats on  
his own enchanted  
ground. Or take  
two famous lines at  
random from  
another famous  
poem—

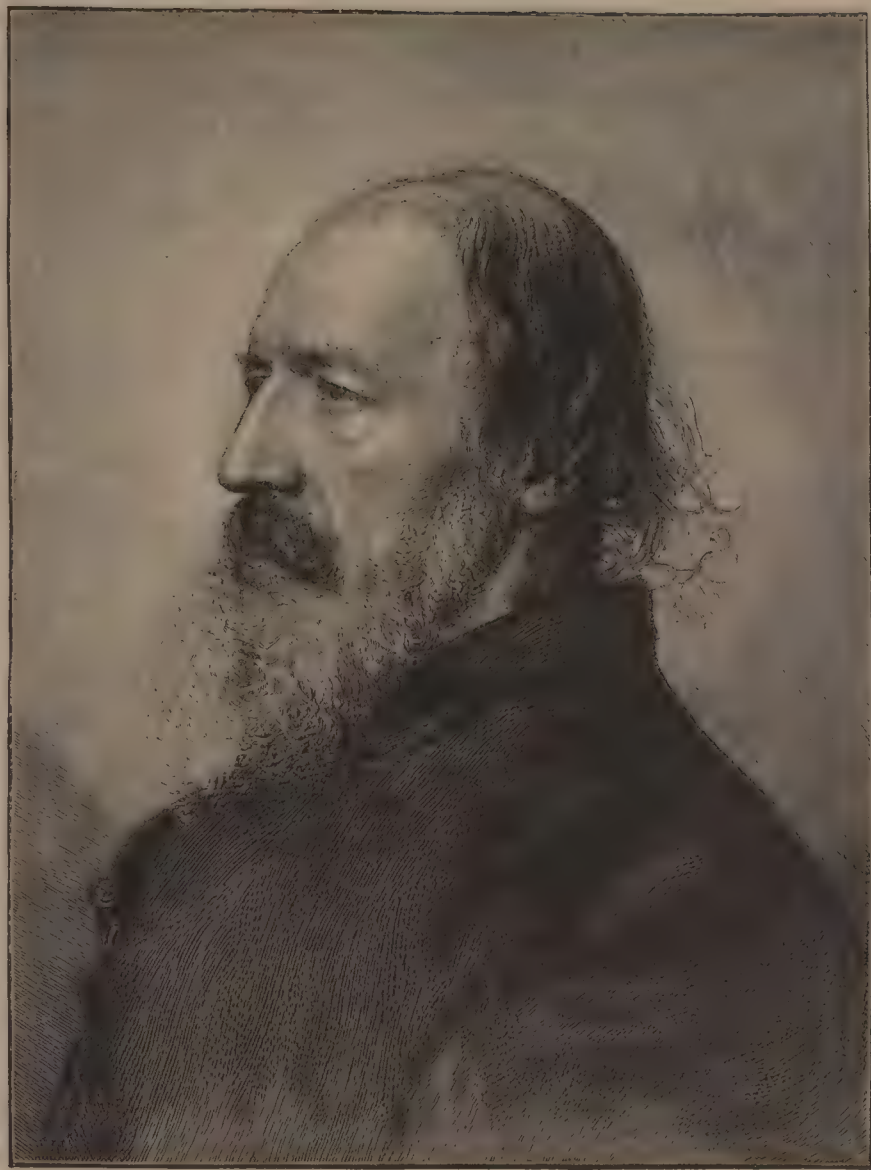
Within a wrinkle of the  
monstrous hill  
The city sparkled like a  
grain of salt.

Is not the light of  
the world's magic  
morning over such  
a picture as that?  
And has any song,  
even Mr. Swin-  
burne's most witch-  
ing cadences, a  
more enthralling  
voice, sweet as a  
siren's, yet pure as  
a spirit's? It is no  
exaggeration to say  
that in the simple





LADY TENNYSON.  
FROM A PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF LORD TENNYSON.  
TAKEN AT ALDWORTH.

lyric, the song ringing the changes on two or three bird-notes, Tennyson has no rival but Shakspeare. In the gift of the "mighty line" he is also of Shakspeare's kin. No poet could ever put more into a line than he, and not merely with the apothecary neatness of a Pope. He would give it a magnificent magic—an infinite grandeur and mystery of sound as well. His lines, we feel, are said for ever. And the more one thinks about the poetic gift the more one realises that the one final touchstone of it is the power of expression. Modern criticism, in its eager needs for a message, is apt to forget this, and is too ready to rest content with a philosopher or a dramatist, and waive the poet. It founds societies to make up for the poet's defects, to assist at the birth of his ideas, or rather to surprise them in some dark period of gestation. But of such is not the kingdom of Apollo. Concrete beauty of expression is the ultimate test of poetry, and there is no poetry in the world that can bear it better than the poetry of Alfred Tennyson. And if this be true; if, as, we said, the sacred sign of poetry is the rainbow of beauty, the measure of a poet's greatness is—over how much of the world does he throw that rainbow? How much, in fact, of life does he include? It was Matthew Arnold's test, and though he applied it

capriciously, it is none the less a true one. And, indeed, we have again no one but Shakspeare with whom to compare the wonderful comprehensiveness of Tennyson's power. From "The Lotos-Eaters" to "The Northern Farmer," a fairy theme in the loveliest dreamy jewelled English, the roughest everyday bucolic life in the uncuttest of dialects—there alone is a sufficiently suggestive measurement. But really to survey the whole surface of Tennyson's themes is impossible. He is as various as life itself, he sang alike its heights and deeps, he made music in the shallows—now a prophet, now

a bird. He sang the great eternal verities, he sang and calmed the passing troubles of the time, he sang man as he is in all times, and he caught likewise, as none other, the characteristics of his life to-day. The transfiguring vision of some poets is awakened but by certain objects or certain phases of life; the rest of life remains prosaic to them. They are uninspired save in their own special environment; but not so with Tennyson: he carried his vision with him into all places.

With all his love of Mount Abora, his love of pastoral seclusion, was he not the first to try modern everyday themes in his verse? If he sang the country most—his microscopic accuracy in the singing is proverbial—he by no means forgot the town, and he had certainly that magical gift of turning most modern prosaic details "to favour and to prettiness." He had, too, that very rare poetic gift of humour, as his trenchant satires, as well as his dialect poems, prove. In fact, there was nothing in the world he could not (and did not) express, and there was no form in which he could not express it. Save one, we are reminded. He had not the dramatic gift—technically so called. We have referred to his limitations in that respect above. We admit them with all the more regret that Tennyson



ALDWORTH HOUSE, SUSSEX, WHERE THE POET LAUREATE DIED.



should so far have been lured from his own proper gifts by an ambition for success in an art which, to our mind, it is a purely modern heresy to confuse with the art of poetry. Drama and poetry are not one but two arts. That Shakspeare combined them merely proved the rule. And one has to remember that the question is one rather of technical than essential drama. That Tennyson had the latter gift he proved over and over again: the former he lacks with Homer and Dante, against whom it is never urged that they did not write in dramatic forms. But

noble numbers. The whole world has not twelve like unto it. Let us reverently place it among the immortals: Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth—and now Tennyson.

### TENNYSON AS A TEACHER.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN

Declining at the present moment a general survey of the genius and the work of Tennyson, I would attempt to say

a word on the chief service which he has rendered to his age as a teacher. Every age is in a certain sense a period of transition; but certainly that term may be applied with special propriety to the last half-century. It opened with faith, and hope, and perhaps some illusions of universal charity. It has proved a period of spiritual trouble, of fierce political strife, of great European wars. Ancient landmarks have been removed; spiritual beliefs have battled for their existence; the old bases of morals have been threatened, if not sapped; a new gospel of pessimism has been proclaimed; the beast has asserted itself in literature. The millennium "has not come this bout"; we do not speak quite so jauntily of "progress"; we are assured that society is about to be reconstructed; but apparently the bases have not yet been

logic of life is sometimes too subtle for the logic of the schools, and what is called an attitude of compromise often results from a fuller recognition of the facts of a case than is possessed by those who refuse a compromise, and from an instinctive adaptation of the mind to meet the facts. It may not be possible to remain where Tennyson, as a teacher, took his stand; he himself, if ever any man, recognised the law of a widening human thought. But it was much to direct men to what I have called a provisional *modus*



MRS. HALLAM TENNYSON AND HER YOUNGER CHILD.

these are questions for the battlefield of criticism. We shall have many a long day on which to fight them out.

To-day we have not to criticise, not to combat. For, surely, in this hour "all narrow jealousies are silent." We stand by a great poet's tomb in reverent gratitude for what he brought us—who would cavil about what he did not bring? He gave us "Maud," he gave us "In Memoriam," he gave us many a song of love and death and battle, this great dead laurelled poet, whose sea-deep heart is still,

laid. And in the absence of an organising faith much of our literature at the present day becomes the literature of mere pastime, in the etymological sense of that word; or the exhibition of some fragment of human life viewed as a piece of meaningless adventure, adventure striking enough, passionate, pathetic, but adventure which exists, we know not why, and tends nowhither, without a purpose or an aim. During this period of spiritual trouble, moral difficulty, political contention, literary change, if not decadence and disintegration, Tennyson preserved a balance; he wisely mediated between what is traditional and what is new; he demonstrated that a practicable *modus vivendi* in things spiritual can be at least provisionally maintained; he avoided the madness of extremes. In matters of faith his was a liberalising influence; but from first to last he asserted the rights and prerogatives of the spirit. He was in genuine sympathy with the scientific movement of our time, but he never lost his head in the intoxication of scientific discovery; he held that there are other methods of ascertaining truth than those of the crucible or the scalpel. "I have felt" counted with him for evidence as real as "I have seen." In politics he belonged to the party of movement, but not to the party of revolution. He gladly accepted change,

but he would build the new upon the bases of the old; like Bacon, he would make the supreme innovator, Time, our model, which innovates greatly, yet slowly and by degrees. The freedom which he loved and desired is to be won through order, and is, indeed, itself an enlargement and development of order as already existing. In art Tennyson saw as clearly as any writer the picturesque and passionate aspects of life; but he saw also their moral and spiritual significance. Anyone who pleases may assert that Tennyson's attitude during this long season of perplexity has been an attitude of compromise, that his position is logically untenable. But the



LEAVING CARDS AT ALDWORTH DURING LORD TENNYSON'S ILLNESS.

*vivendi* in things of the soul. Those who have learnt Tennyson's lesson can neither be obstructives nor destructives; they will desire to conserve all that is precious in the past by carrying it—perhaps in altered forms and with renewed vitality—into the life of the future. They will stand upon the old ways, and look forward with hope to the path that lies before them. They will not shrink from the reproach of compromise, but will ever be ready for new and



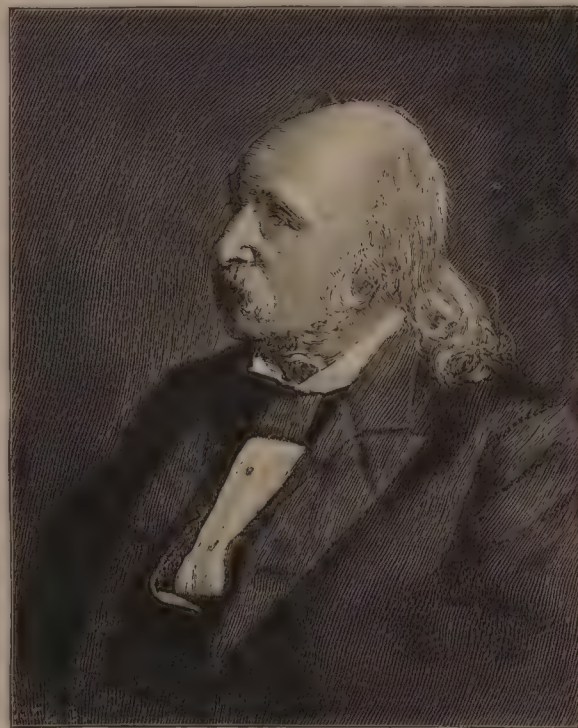
whose eyes that hoarded for us the beauty of the world are closed, whose golden mouth—

That nightingale that sang to God  
Instead of to a rose—

will sing no more—at least, in our hearing.

O strong soul, by what shore  
Tarest thou now? For that force,  
Surely, has not been left vain!  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labour-house vast  
Of being, is practised that strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Alas! who knows? This much is sure—this volume of



MR. FREDERICK TENNYSON.

THE SURVIVING BROTHER OF THE LATE POET LAUREATE.

wiser compromises. They will be well assured that there is a logic in sanity superior in illative force to the wild logic of extremes.

Tennyson was not by any means always discourteous to his correspondents. He read criticisms of his own works, and when they pleased him said so. It has not been mentioned anywhere that two or three years ago he wrote to a Presbyterian minister in Australia—the Rev. Professor Rentoul, of Melbourne—saying that a lecture by that gentleman on his poems was the best estimate of them he had ever read.



## THE LAUREATESHIP.

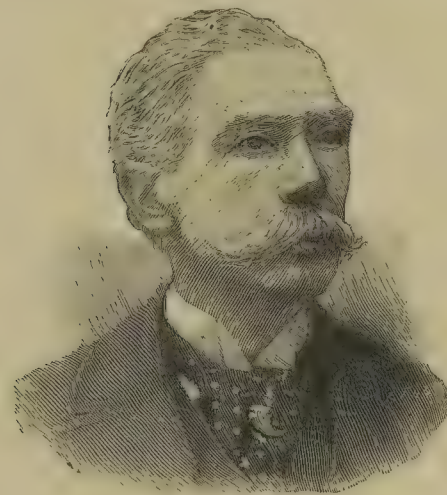
In our great hall there stood a vacant chair,  
Fashion'd by Merlin ere he past away . . .  
And Merlin call'd it "The Siege perilsous,"  
Perilsous for good and ill; "for there," he said,  
"No man could sit but he should lose himself."

The first question is not so much Who is to be the next Laureate? as, Shall the Laureateship be continued at all? It has always until recent days been more or less a butt of the nation. With Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser it was purely an academic honour—a point to which we shall have to refer again—and only with Ben Jonson was the poet appointed by royal patent. Davenant, Dryden (who, it will be remembered, was deposed in favour of Shadwell), Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Laurence Eusdon, Cibber—

Next Whitehead came, his worth a pinch of snuff;  
But for a Laureate—he was good enough—

Thomas Warton and Pye: such is the inglorious bed-roll till the time of Southey's acceptance of the office. With him lapsed the compulsory writing of New Year and royal birthday odes: he somewhat pompously refused to fill the chair save on that condition. Wordsworth and Tennyson close the list. It began in glory with Ben Jonson, and it ends in even greater glory with Tennyson. Three distinguished poets at least have declined

the "honour"—Gray, Rogers, and Sir Walter Scott—and Prior was actually ignored in favour of Nahum Tate. One can well realise the truth of Gray's remark that the office had always humbled its possessor—  
"For there," he said,  
"No man could sit but he should lose himself."



MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

Tennyson, however, by bringing to it the lustre of his own fame, has so dignified it that some of that lustre may fairly be said to have been reflected back upon himself. After his name the words "Poet Laureate" no longer seemed absurd. He had honoured them, and they seemed in turn to honour him. In fact, he was able to raise the Laureateship to that



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

belongs to the work of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith (in "Modern Love"), Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Austin Dobson. And to these maturer reputations, such is the calm and noble beauty of "Wordsworth's Grave" we have little hesitation in adding the name of Mr. William Watson. None of the younger poets work



MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

in a finer English tradition, and though Mr. Watson's power has so far shown itself as somewhat limited in scope, it is none the less of the finest quality. We have regretfully omitted the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan from this list, wherein, however, he should, perhaps, at least be tentatively included; for Mr. Buchanan has, we fear, but just missed being a very fine



MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

man should be. Mr. Patmore's "Unknown Eros" proves him a poet of very high order indeed, higher than anyone who only knows his "Angel in the House" might suppose. Mr. Meredith's "Modern Love" will some day be reckoned one of the finest poems of the century. Mr. William Morris has written high and moving work, with a glamour (and also a monotony) all its own. If Mr. Swinburne were not with us, it were pertinent to discuss the claims of these; but with him still, happily, possible, it were idle. Who can doubt that, if we are to have a Poet Laureate on the old plan, that Poet Laureate should be Algernon Charles Swinburne, the greatest lyric poet in our language since Shelley?

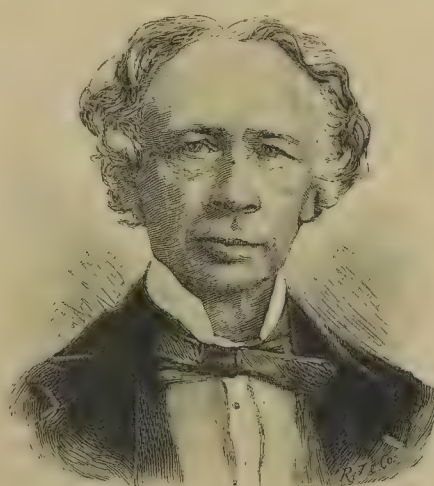


MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.

There may, however, be certain difficulties, political and otherwise, in regard to Mr. Swinburne's appointment to the position. Mr. Swinburne has, we know, certain ardours of youth to answer for. "Poems and Ballads" and "Songs before Sunrise" may be quoted against him, though truly it would be an anomaly that some of a poet's finest work should prevent his winning what is ostensibly a poetical reward. But



MR. WILLIAM WATSON.



MR. COVENTRY PATMORE.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.



MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ideal dignity of which up to his time it had been but an absurd shadow. On his head the wreath meant our possession of a great national poet, as of old time in Greece, as with Hugo in France. England at large read and loved his verses, acknowledged him as its poet.

Consequently, in no more fanciful sense his vacant chair may be said to have been "fashion'd by Merlin ere he past away." With his death the national interest in poetry ceases, and the Laureateship shrinks to its former dimensions. It is impossible to continue it as a national institution, because we have no national poet. As a Court function it is obsolete. One is, therefore, thrown back on its origin as an academic distinction. In that we fancy we see a way out of the dilemma. Why not let the dignity of "Laureate" be once more in the gift of the Universities, like the degree of D.C.L. or the office of Lord Rector; a dignity, moreover, not to be confined to one man, but to be given to all such who have achieved a certain high level of poetic distinction—a distinction which, so far as their own time can judge, will be sufficient to carry them to posterity as "classic"? There can hardly be any doubt that at the present moment such classic distinction

poet. He has more strings to his lyre than any of the poets we have mentioned, with the one exception of Mr. Swinburne. If he had but reversed the advice proffered to Polonius, and given us less matter with more art! Another poet whom we can hardly include in the above list, because he belongs to a newer era, is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling's

Southey likewise had a youth behind him, and in days less catholic than ours it was not allowed to come up against him. Mr. Swinburne is no longer, as we know, a Red Republican, nor a social rebel of any sort. He has—a very natural evolution, foolishly misunderstood—taken to singing that law and order he once so passionately repudiated; he has even sung those "dangling delights of a child's coral" he could once laugh to such bitter scorn—

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,  
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,  
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers towards the heat,  
They stretch and spread and wink  
Their ten soft buds that part and meet

No flower-bells that expand and shrink  
Gleam half so heavenly sweet  
As shine on life's untrodden brink  
A baby's feet.

We quote this little poem for the benefit of those to whom Mr. Swinburne may be still but the legend of a lawless youth. A mere rosebud of song—but what a rosebud! Those who would know his later work at its finest should read his "Tristram of Lyonesse," a poem whose disproportionate length is against it, but which, nevertheless, contains some of the most august passages in the whole of modern poetry. But can there be any doubt of the exalted pre-eminence of the poet of "Atalanta in Calydon"? If we are to have a new Laureate, surely it must be he! *Aut Swinburne aut nihil!*



MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.



MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.



# LIVING POETS AND THE LATE POET LAUREATE.

The death of Lord Tennyson has caused the somewhat too hasty production of a deluge of memorial verses, and, with what we think legitimate sensitiveness, Mr. Andrew Lang sends us the following

## PLEA FOR SILENCE.

Silence! "The best" (he said) "are silent now,"—  
That younger bearer of the laurel bough,  
Who with his Thyrsis, kindred souls divine,  
Harps only for Sicilian Proserpine;  
For Arnold died, and Browning died, and He—  
The oldest, wisest, greatest of the three—  
Dies, and what voice shall dirge for Him to-day?  
For the Muse went with Him the darkling way,  
And left us mute! Peace! who shall rhyme or rave,  
The violet blooms not on the new-made grave,  
And not in this first blankness of regret  
Are eyes of men who mourn their Master wet.  
New grief is dumb: Himself through many a year  
Withheld the meed of His melodious tear,  
When Hallam slept. But no! The moment flies,  
And rapid rhymers, when the Poet dies,  
Wail punctual, and prompt, and unafraid,  
In copious instant ditties ready made.  
Oh, peace! Ye do but make our loss more deep,  
Who wail above His unawaking sleep.

Mr. Alfred Austin contributes a poem of considerable length (from which we make an extract) to the "Times" of Oct. 7—

## THE PASSING OF MERLIN.

In English gardens fringed with English foam,  
Or girt with English woods, He loved to dwell  
Singing of English lives in thorp or dell,  
Orchard or croft; so that when now we roam  
Through them, and find Him not, it scarcely feels  
like home.

And England's glories stirred Him as the swell  
Of bluff winds blowing from Atlantic brine  
Stirs mightier music in the murmuring pine.  
Then sweet notes waxed to strong within his shell,  
And bristling rose the lines, and billowy rose and fell.

Sir Edwin Arnold contributed the following poem to the "Daily Telegraph" of Oct. 7—

## LORD TENNYSON.

No "moaning of the bar"! Sail forth, strong ship!  
Into that gloom which has God's face for far  
light;  
Not dirge, but proud farewell, from each fond lip,  
And praise—abounding praise; and fame's faint  
starlight

Lamping thy tuneful soul to that large noon  
Where thou shalt quire with angels. Words of  
woe  
Are for the unfulfilled—not thee, whose moon  
Of genius sinks full-orbed, glorious, aglow.

No "moaning of the bar"! Musical drifting  
Of Time's waves, turning to the Eternal Sea  
Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas lifting,  
And Christ thy pilot to the Peace to be.

A poem by Mr. Austin Dobson appeared in the "Athenaeum" of Oct. 8—

## ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

EMIGRAVIT OCTOBER VI., MDCCCXCII.

Grief there will be, and may,  
When King Apollo's bay  
Is cut midwise;  
Grief that a song is stilled,  
Grief for the unfulfilled  
Singer that dies.

Not so we mourn thee now,  
Not so we grieve that thou,  
MASTER, art passed,  
Since thou thy song didst raise,  
Through the full round of days,  
E'en to the last.

Grief there may be, and will,  
When that the singer still  
Sinks in the song;  
When that the winged rhyme  
Fails of the promised prime,  
Ruined and wrong.

Not thus we mourn thee—we—  
Not thus we grieve for thee.

MASTER and Friend;  
Since, like a clearing flame,  
Clearer thy pure song came  
E'en to the end.

Nay—nor for thee we grieve  
E'en as for those that leave  
Life without name;  
Lost as the stars that set,  
Empty of men's regret,  
Empty of fame.

Rather we count thee one  
Who, when his race is run,  
Layeth him down  
Calm—through all coming days  
Filled with a nation's praise,  
Filled with renown.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's memorial verses (from which we make an extract) appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" of Oct. 8—

## ALFRED TENNYSON.

'Tis o'er! He leaves the lonely road  
Whereon he fared so long;  
The gentlest, brightest knight of God!  
The Galahad of Song!

The only one of all our knights  
Who wore the snow-white mail.

Harringford,  
Freshwater,  
Isle of Wight.

3-1892

Dear Sir,  
I thank you much for your  
kind lines, they are most kind and  
are overprize  
If by writing this you allude to a few  
words I have said before, you are right,  
but if you mean what you are saying, for  
I never had a grey hair on my head  
Yours very truly  
Tennyson

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF THE LATE LORD TENNYSON.

And turned from strife and lewd delights  
To seek the Holy Grail.

His path was not where factions cry,  
Or where the fretful moan.  
Where life runs stillest, he passed by,  
In maiden thought, alone.

Mr. Lewis Morris made the following contribution to the "Times"—

OCTOBER 6, 1892.

Thy place is with the Immortals. Who shall gauge  
Thy rank among thy peers of world-wide song?  
Others, it may be, touched a note more strong,  
Scaled loftier heights, or glowed with fiercer rage;  
But who like thee could slay our modern Doubt?  
Or soothe the sufferers with a tenderer heart?  
Or dress gray legends with such perfect grace?  
Or nerve life's world-worn pilgrims for their part?  
Who, since our English tongue first grew, has stirred  
More souls to noble effort by his word?  
More reverent who of Man, of God, of Truth?  
More piteous of the sore-tried strength of Youth?  
Thy chaste, white Muse, loathing the Pagan rout,  
Would drive with stripes the goatish Satyr out.  
Thy love of Righteousness preserved thee pure.  
Thy lucid genius scorned to lurk obscure,  
And all thy jewelled Art and native Grace  
Were consecrate to God and to the Race.

A poem which Mr. William Watson sent to the late  
Poet Laureate in connection with the publication of "The

Foresters" drew from Lord Tennyson the letter of which we reproduce a facsimile. It will be observed that the date is in the handwriting of the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, and the remainder of the letter in the poet's own handwriting—

## "THE FORESTERS."

(Lines written on the appearance of Lord Tennyson's drama.)

Clear as of old the great voice rings to-day,  
While Sherwood's oak-leaves twine with Aldworth's  
bay:

The voice of him the master and the sire  
Of one whole age and legion of the lyre,  
Who sang his morning-song when Coleridge still  
Uttered dark oracles from Highgate Hill,  
And with new launched argosies of rhyme  
Gilds and makes brave this latter tide of time.

Far be the hour when lesser brows shall wear  
The laurel glorious from that wintry hair—  
When he, the lord of this melodious day,  
In Charon's shallop must be rowed away,  
And hear, scarce heeding, 'mid the splash of oar,  
The *ave atque vale* from the shore!

To him nor tender nor heroic muse  
Did her divine confederacy refuse:  
To all its moods the lyre of life he strung,  
And notes of death fell deathless from his tongue.  
Himself the Merlin of his magic strain,  
He bade old glories break in bloom again;  
And so exempted from oblivious doom,  
Through him these days shall fadeless break in  
bloom.

## THE CAMERON PORTRAITS.

"In sending you," writes Mr. H. H. Cameron to us, "this collection of the photographs of the great poet, of his house and his family, done during the last twenty-five years by my mother and by me, I cannot refrain from adding my tribute of grateful praise to his mighty fame." It is well known that the late Mrs. Cameron was one of Tennyson's most valued friends. In Sir Henry Taylor's "Autobiography" there are some delightful glimpses of the intimate relations between the Tennysons and the Camerons, though when Sir Henry noted in his playful way that Mrs. Cameron was "seized with a passion for photography," he little suspected that it would enrich the world with some of the finest portraits of Tennyson which we possess. Mr. Cameron gives us a remarkable description of one of the poet's favourite readings. It was his habit to take visitors into his study and declaim to them in that peculiar style which Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie has described as an incantation. "Never shall I forget," writes Mr. Cameron, "the effect of his reading of his weird and dramatic poem, 'Rizpah.' It was my good fortune to travel down to Aldworth with Madame Modjeska, and after dinner the poet took us to his study and read 'Rizpah' to us. Modjeska was completely overcome, and threw herself at the poet's feet, and seizing his hand kissed it again and again." Of the reading itself Mr. Cameron says: "It was a melodious chant, never to be forgotten. His sweet, full voice echoed round the corners of the room, and its exquisite tenderness will echo in my heart for ever." It is to Mr. Cameron's mother, by-the-way, that we owe the delightful description, quoted from a letter by Sir Henry Taylor, of Tennyson's aversion to personal gossip—

"Alfred talked very pleasantly that evening to Annie Thackeray and L—— S——. He spoke of Jane Austen, as James Spedding does, as next to Shakespeare! I can never imagine what they mean when they say such things. Alfred has grown, he says, much fonder of you since your last two visits here. He says he feels now he is beginning to know you, and not to feel afraid of you, and that he is beginning to get over your extreme insolence to him when he was young and you were in your meridian splendour and glory. So one reads your simplicity. He was very violent with the girls on the subject of the rage for autographs. He said he believed every crime and every vice in the world were connected with the passion for autographs and anecdotes and records—that the desiring anecdotes and acquaintance with the lives of great men was treating them like pigs to be ripped open for the public; that he knew he himself should be ripped open like a pig; that he thanked God Almighty with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing, and that the world knew nothing, of Shakespeare but his writings; and that he thanked God Almighty that he knew nothing of Jane Austen, and that there were no letters preserved either of Shakespeare's or of Jane Austen's, that they had not been ripped open like pigs."





THE FUNERAL OF LORD TENNYSON IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE BENEDICTION.



## ART NOTES.

The little collection of pictures at the Maddox Street Galleries under the misleading title of "Fen and Marsh Lands," by Miss Dering Curtois, has an interest apart from the cleverness displayed by the artist in many of her works. Miss Curtois is as thoroughly a provincial artist, with provincial training, as was ever Bastien-Lepage or François Millet. She got what early instruction she could in the remote village of Washingborough, and her only English teaching at the Lincoln Art School. By good fortune she managed to pass the next few years of her life in Paris, and there picked up with much of the dexterity not a few of the faults of the modern French "naturalists" who have grafted impressionism upon the more solid work of the "primitives." The result, although often interesting, is not always pleasing, but it is impossible to look at such works as those inspired by the "Johnson Ward of Lincoln Hospital," of which the large picture found a place on the line at the Royal Academy, without recognising the real power of an artist who can render such a subject attractive. Another powerful picture is that of the "Lincolnshire Gleaners," in which the figures of the women and child are true to nature and unaffected in pose, but the evening sky is leaden and opaque—a fault which recurs again in the "Boy with Scythe" (11) and many other works. On the other hand, in such works as "Summer" (9), "April Clouds" (13), in the morning effect of "Boys Fishing" (64), Miss Curtois shows that she can paint atmosphere and sunlight with excellent results. "The Road-Mender" (77) and "Moonlight over Walbenwich Marshes" (66), as well as some of the figure-studies, show much vigour and no small promise.

Whether or not an authentic portrait of Columbus is still extant is a point which is likely to be discussed with increasing vehemence during the next twelvemonth. In the October number of the *Century Magazine* there is an admirable reproduction of a work recently purchased at Frankfurt-on-the-Main by the United States Consul, and destined for the World's Fair at Chicago. It represents a man in ordinary Italian costume of the sixteenth century, with grey hair and a face marked by sadness. Mr. J. C. Van Dyke makes a strong appeal, but not a strong case, in favour of its authenticity. He ascribes the picture to Lorenzo Lotto, one of the most versatile and impressive of Venetian painters, whose personal genius was warped by the influence of his contemporaries. The picture, it seems, bears the date 1512, which, if it were trustworthy, would at once set at rest all question as to its having been painted from life. But, as everyone knows, dates on pictures are never trustworthy. On the other hand, if the picture had been painted in Columbus's lifetime, Lotto must then have been quite a young man, scarcely out of his teens, and any work by him at that date would have undoubtedly borne obvious traces of Bellini's influence—for it was under him that Lotto first learnt his art. Mr. Van Dyke attaches considerable importance to the accessories of the portrait—a map of the Indies in one hand and the other resting on an hour-glass, or, as he prefers to call it, a log-glass. But in the repainting of the picture these might well have been added. On the other hand the signature, "Lauren<sup>s</sup> Lotto" casts considerable doubt on the actual authorship of the original work; for, although Lotto as frequently signs both his Christian and surnames in Latin and in Italian, he does not appear to have ever been guilty of the solecism of mingling the two languages.

The illustrations of Haddon Hall by Mr. W. E. Cooke (George Philip and Son, Fleet Street), whether due to the popularity of the new opera or the outcome of many years of patient labour, are, at all events, opportune. The old Hall, which is one of the finest specimens of the domestic architecture of the early Tudor period, has passed through many hands, and been the scene of many exciting episodes in both history and romance. From the Avenals, the original possessors of an earlier castle, Haddon Hall passed to the Vernons; and when Dorothy Vernon eloped from the ball-room with Sir John Manners it passed into the family of the Duke of Rutland, to whom it now belongs. Mr. Cooke is a careful draughtsman, and reproduces with fidelity the chief features of the old Hall, as well as many of its ornamental details. These will doubtless

be of use to students of architecture, but in our days of "processes" the taste for lithography, of which the present work is a specimen, is almost extinct.

A savage attack, signed "Viator," appeared in the *Times* a few days ago on the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, roundly accusing them of incompetence in distinguishing true from false work, and of paying exorbitant prices for valueless objects. Like all similar attacks, it was anonymous, and, happily, drew forth no rejoinder and no support. It is quite possible that even the best judges of works of art are occasionally imposed upon, and no one who knows of the pitfalls into which French and German museum directors have fallen would be surprised to learn that our fellow-countrymen are not absolutely infallible. The figures, however, of last year's report are sufficient to prove the groundlessness of much of "Viator's" assertions. During 1891 the amount expended on earthenware, stoneware, and porcelain was £1159; for mosaics, £1000; for sculpture, £899; and for woodwork and furniture, £4340. In none of these acquisitions, therefore, was there room for much display of carelessness or profusion. If, however, there be any grain of truth in "Viator's" vague charges, the public at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the scandalous jobbery which some years ago marked the disbursement of the funds provided

Vicar of Folkestone. Recorder of Folkestone. Bishop of Coventry. Archbishop of Canterbury. Mayor of Folkestone. Bishop Smythies.



THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT FOLKESTONE: RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

for the South Kensington Museum, and the still more reprehensible use made by certain persons of their official position, no longer exist. The necessity of a "purge," which was then found to be imperative, will therefore not commend itself to the newly appointed Lord President and Vice-President of the Council, notwithstanding "Viator's" thinly disguised jealousy of the present staff at South Kensington.

The rumour that "the finest site in Europe" is to be handed over to the London County Council has been received with something approaching a shudder. The necessities of politics, it is felt, are not necessarily the opportunities of art; but in view of the indignities to which Trafalgar Square has been subjected in the past there is the bare hope that municipal taste can scarcely fall lower than official neglect. The obvious difficulty in the way of any art-loving edile will be the outcry raised against any encroachment on the roadway, although it has been found necessary to cut this up in half-a-dozen places on account of the dangers of its immeasurable "distances." The Square Montholon at Paris is not, perhaps, one of the best instances of Baron Haussmann's zeal or M. Alphand's taste; but it affords an excellent suggestion for the treatment of an open space abutting on a main thoroughfare, and having a background on a higher level than the roadway. In the pigeon-holes of the Office of Works there are doubtless dozens of plans for "beautifying" Trafalgar Square; but, with the blank desolation of the Place Lefevre—once known as Hyde Park Corner—daily before our eyes, we most devoutly hope that no hints will be taken from that quarter.

## THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The thirty-second annual Church of England Congress opened at Folkestone on Tuesday, Oct. 4, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and closed on Saturday, Oct. 8. Next year's Congress will be held at Birmingham. On the first day the Archbishop, who was supported by the Bishops of Salisbury, Lichfield, Rochester, Manchester, Peterborough, Dover, and Coventry, Bishop Barry, and Bishop Smythies, was welcomed to Folkestone by the Mayor, Mr. S. Penfold, in full civic state, accompanied by the Town Clerk, the Recorder, Aldermen, and Councillors. This is the scene represented in our Illustration. Earl Stanhope, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and the Earl of Winchilsea were present. An address from the Mayor and Corporation was read, to which the Archbishop replied. The Rev. A. J. Palmer then read one from the Nonconformist ministers of the town, and the Archbishop returned a cordial, brotherly answer. A procession of the bishops and clergy, with several church choirs, passed through the streets from the Exhibition buildings to the different churches where special religious services were performed. At the parish church a sermon was preached by the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford; at Trinity Church, by the Bishop of Peterborough; at Christ Church, by the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, Head Master of Harrow; and at St. Michael's by the Rev. Canon Jenkins. The general

meeting was held in the Congress Hall, a large temporary structure, oval in form, decorated with banners, and accommodating three thousand people. Here the Archbishop delivered his opening address. The Congress then proceeded to the reading and discussing of papers on the following subjects: "The Relation between the Authority of the Bible and the Authority of the Church," "The Attitude of the Church towards Labour Combinations," and "The Work of the Church of England on the Continent." The second day's subjects were the neglect of religious instruction in elementary and secondary schools, the Canon law, Christian ethics, and the condition of agricultural labourers. There was a women's meeting, addressed by Mrs. Benson, Lady Frederick Cavendish, and the Duchess of Bedford, on temperance. "The Value of the Old Testament," educational, moral, and devotional, was debated on Thursday morning; vivisection in the afternoon. "Thrift and the Poor-Law," preparation for holy orders, preaching, foreign missions, and other topics occupied the attention of the Congress.

The concluding service in Canterbury Cathedral was attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury and a large number of prelates and clergy. The Bishop of St. Asaph

preached the sermon, dealing mainly with the existing zeal for social reform, and the difficulties with which religious communities had to contend in the endeavour to attain their object. Referring to the agitation which arose in Wales a few years ago, he said that just and firm treatment had proved that the whole movement was artificial and superficial. It was well that it should be known that there were political leaders in Wales who prospered upon agitation and turmoil, and who resembled those political leaders described by Aristophanes "who cannot catch their piety unless they trouble and foul the waters."

The friends in Europe of the University of Toronto, who did so much last year to re-establish the University library destroyed by fire in February 1890, will be glad to learn that the institution—one of the best of its kind in North America—has come well out of the ordeal. The work of restoration was so speedily undertaken that the building was partially occupied for college work in October 1891, and the library now contains 40,970 volumes, as against 33,000 in the library destroyed. The Queen's gift comprised a number of costly works. The German Emperor contributed 500 volumes, and among helpers were the Prince of Wales, the Kings of Saxony and Württemberg, the late Duke of Devonshire, Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, and Cardinal Manning. The presidency of the University, vacated by the lamented death of Sir Daniel Wilson, has just been filled by the appointment of Professor Loudon, who is a Canadian by birth, and has in his capacity as Professor of Physics long shared in the management of the institution.



BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER

But when we speak of "intemperance" it is positive drunkenness that is commonly meant; and Lady F. Cavendish gave no proof that this is on the increase among women. There has lately been a painful and strange attempt to speak of this horrible and degrading vice as though it were specially a female one and peculiarly that of the women of our day. This insulting and distressing notion is absolutely incorrect. The number of male drunkards arrested in the street is far greater than that of female drunkards, and there is no shred of evidence that women get drunk so much more in private as to approach this sad total. Nor is it the case, as is sometimes said, that a drunken wife causes more misery to a family than a drunken husband. The man ought to earn the bread of the family, and his failure to do so is a worse one than that of the woman to keep the house. Female drunkards are incapable of fulfilling their home duties, but they are rarely violent, while male drunkards very frequently are so, and beat their families constantly, and smash up the home on occasion. Thus, whatever checks, if any, are to be applied to drunkards by law should be exerted at least as much over husbands and fathers as over wives and mothers guilty of this degrading vice. To live with an habitual drunkard of whichever sex is, for a sober person, a hell. Why should not that odious habit be here, as it is in many other countries, a ground for divorce? The liability to this would in itself be a considerable check.



## Royal Appointments.



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Her Majesty the Queen.



H.I.M. the Empress Frederick of Germany.

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## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The humours of politics are dominant in the October reviews. First there is a lively article by Mr. H. W. Massingham in the *New Review*, which smashes up the old Liberal party, and reconstructs the fragments on a delightfully original plan. Mr. Massingham has a certain affinity with Puck. He puts a girdle round the most capacious problems in a dozen pages, and seems to chuckle to himself, "What fools these mortals be!" as he suggests, with apparent gravity, that a "graduated" income tax means the exemption of incomes under the £300 a year, and a shilling in the pound on all the rest! This ought to be appreciated by the Social Democrat who is invited to pay twenty pounds on £400 per annum. Then Mr. William O'Brien belabours the landlords in the *New Review* in his most picturesquely vehement style; while Mr. John Redmond, with the cares of statesmanship and a party of nine weighing heavily upon him, discusses the new constitution for Ireland in the *Nineteenth Century* with a sweet reasonableness which will need translation in Ireland. In the *National Review* a "Progressive" Tory, in an article which reads like Mr. Massingham under an alias, proposes to reconstitute the Conservative party on the basis of disestablishment, secular education (except in Sunday-schools—a thoughtful proviso), a graduated income tax, the principle of "betterment," leasehold enfranchisement, and one municipality for London. To these sparkling suggestions a thoroughgoing Tory retorts in the pages of the same review that Conservatism has nothing to do with "progress," and that the changes I have enumerated would "re-establish slavery" quite as bad as negro serfdom. In another vein of unconscious comedy Mr. Frederic Harrison takes Professor Huxley to task in the *Fortnightly* for persistently misunderstanding Mr. Harrison's religious views. It seems that Mr. Huxley has a little joke which he is very loth to give up. He is fond of calling Mr. Harrison a Pontiff. Mr. Harrison has explained to him both publicly and privately that this is inaccurate, and still Mr. Huxley goes on making sly allusions to the Prophet and Priest of Contism. I remember that when Mortimer Collins died Mr. Harrison was in a great rage over that humorist's flippant account of the origin of Positivism—

Man was an ape in the days that were earlier—  
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier;  
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,  
Then he was man and a Positivist.

Mr. Harrison treated this as seriously as he now treats Mr. Huxley's favourite jest.

To people who keep a vigilant eye on the sinister designs of the Vatican there will be a portentous importance in the article on the Pope in the *Contemporary*. It is written by a Catholic, who quotes from the official organ of the Holy See the assertion that the Pope is infallible in the field of politics, because this belongs to the domain of morals. This new dogma ought to beget a host of indignant pamphlets; but I suppose there will be no widespread protest against the infallibility assumed by Archdeacon Farrar. That divine, in his *Contemporary* article on the late Archbishop Magee, lays down the principle that an epigram, however true and logical, which conveys "an erroneous impression" to the minds of nineteen people out of twenty is "faulty and dangerous." It appears to have been the unfortunate habit of Archbishop Magee to employ epigrams of this pernicious kind,

though I dare say some misguided persons will demur to the proposition that the incapacity of the majority to understand the nature of an epigram throws a moral stigma on that intellectual condiment. Perhaps the writer in the *Westminster* who has discovered sixty-one blunders in seventy-nine pages of Mr. Froude's "Caesar" has some special standard of obliquity for historians. People who write reminiscences must define their moral standpoints. For instance, as it is editorially announced in the *New Review* that Mr. Vandam is "An Englishman in Paris," he will naturally hasten to explain certain discrepancies of chronology between his own career and that of the "Englishman." The literary critic in *Blackwood* must also be eager to tell us what she means by calling Mr. Stevenson's verses "vulgar and trivial" and charging him with a rampant egotism. Mr. Stevenson's great offence is that he has chosen "a young American gentleman" as his collaborator in "The Wrecker." No Scotchman, according to *Blackwood*, has any right to have a stepson who happens to be an American. This is the only logical inference to be drawn from the diatribe in "The Old Saloon" against Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is condemned by the same oracle for his American associations, and he ought to be ashamed of himself for his reported intention to settle down in the United States, a land in which honour and honesty are unknown! After this the infallibility of the Pope in morals pales its uneffectual fires before the supreme righteousness and wisdom, not to mention taste and manners, of the presiding genius in "The Old Saloon."

There is a touch of the pontifical in Mr. Grant Allen's story of the "Pot-Boiler" in *Longman's*. A deserving but poverty-stricken genius who lives at Bedford Park paints the British baby to provide his wife and child with bread-and-butter. He is beguiled by a poetic friend, aided by quotations from Browning, into indulging the true bent of his talent in an allegorical picture, which he presently abandons and returns to the babies, on the plea that bread-and-butter for his family is the highest moral obligation. Such is the sermon of Grant Allen, Pontifex! so take heed, ye thoughtless scribes who jeer at the Academy babies, and argue that the "pot-boiler" is an evil necessity and not a religion. Mr. Irving, in the *Nineteenth Century*, says the charge of being pontifical does not wring his withers when "there is so much infallibility abroad" on the subject of the stage, and so he bowls over the dogmas of George Barlow, minor poet, like so many ninespins. I perceive a pleasantly superior air in Mr. Joseph Bennett's interesting notes on musical conductors in the *English Illustrated*; and nothing can be more amply material than Mr. Andrew Lang's hint in *Longman's* that Dr. Conan Doyle is hopelessly ignorant of the manners and customs of Oxford University. Mr. Swinburne, in his favourite character of Victor Hugo's interpreter, shows us in the *Fortnightly* how accurately the great Frenchman understood the peoples among whom he travelled. Indeed, the only person who is not pontifical in the magazines is Babbage in Mrs. Andrew Crosse's anecdote in *Temple Bar*. Babbage's celebrated calculating machine made him a confirmed widower. "I would have married again," he said, "if it had not been for my machine." I don't know whether this should be regarded as a humble confession of the superiority of women to mechanical calculators, or as a subtle aspersion on their capacity for appreciating science. I leave this point to the advocates of women's suffrage, and content myself with the pontifical remark that the reader who is sick of controversy and yearning for exciting adventures will get an intense satisfaction out of Mr. Archibald Forbes's

personal experiences of the Commune recited in the *Century*. Here is action narrated by a man who was in the thick of it, and who thrice escaped instant death in a single morning. This is certainly a form of personal assertion which cannot be controverted. L. F. A.

Vinolia soap has been awarded the medal of the Sanitary Congress of Great Britain (September 1892), the highest recognition that is possible.

Ontario has just been celebrating the centennial of constitutional government in the province. On Sept. 17, 1792, the first Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada was opened by Governor Simcoe in a small log hut at Niagara. The magnificent pile of buildings in Toronto in which the Legislature now meets is a reminder of the progress of the past hundred years. The white population of the province was then 20,000; it is now 2,110,000. Toronto, the capital of the province, consisted, when Governor Simcoe first visited it, of one canvas tent: it now rivals Montreal as the commercial metropolis of Canada, and boasts a population of over 200,000.

A correspondent writes: "A few days ago I accompanied a friend whose duties led him to make an inspection of Parkhurst Convict Prison, in the Isle of Wight, and after a somewhat exhausting as well as exhaustive three-hours tour of the buildings and grounds I arrived at the conclusion that the manner in which the labour of these convicts is turned to every possible account, so as to lessen the burden on the taxpayer without trenching on the legitimate competition of free outside labour, reflects much credit on Sir E. Du Cane and his colleagues. Moreover, the inmates of Parkhurst are the less able-bodied and more infirm prisoners, so their work is all the more creditable. The cells are all beautifully clean (you might eat your dinner off the floor), while the mattresses are so substantial and the blankets so inviting that it made one involuntarily sigh to think how many poor honest folk in the East-End of London would give several years of their existence for such luxuries. Baking and cooking are done by convicts under the supervision of warders. There was a rather gruesome-looking mixture resembling Irish stew, which I tasted but, honestly, did not like. On the other hand, the bread was as good as, if not better than, that in most London restaurants, while the cocoa was the same as that served out to the Royal Navy, and was capital. Those convicts with agricultural experience or tastes are drafted on to the farm, which is of considerable extent; those who understood bricklaying were busy in laying the foundations and brickwork for an extension of the prison buildings (among this group was a jailbird of darker plumage, denoting misbehaviour), while others were employed in the carpenter's shop, where some of the expert hands turn out really excellent cabinet-work. The tailoring and shoemaking departments seemed full to overflowing; in the former one could not help being struck with the excellent quality of the cloth and flannel, which ought to make rheumatism an impossibility; in the latter all the shoes and slippers worn by the convicts are made by the score. The prison people even manufacture their own gas, though this was done by free labour; but in the printing-office the numerous forms required for filling up everyday details of prison administration were struck off by the thousand by convicts, and a great deal of miscellaneous press-work was turned out. As one of the principal warders remarked to me, after I had complimented him on the prison: 'Yes, Sir, I think we could teach the Emperor of Russia something if he were to come over here.'"

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I really do not see why Mr. Arthur Benham should be disheartened. He should remember the old saying "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." There was considerable merit in his first play, "The County"; there is more cleverness still in "Awakening," put up in Mr. John Hare's absence during Mr. John Moore's tenancy of the Garrick. It is the fashion nowadays to have cynical smoking-room scenes, where young and old fire off their smartest sayings, choice rudenesses, so-called epigrams, and their recollections of Joe Miller. Mr. Oscar Wilde set the fashion in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and it is the fate of Mr. Wilde to have imitators and disciples. There is really no accounting for public taste. The women will contentedly spend half-a-guinea, or induce someone else to spend it for them, merely for the sake of noting the various costumes worn by a pretty woman on the stage, and coveting her tiara of diamonds or clusters of priceless turquoises. This done, they go home contented. As for the play or the acting, it does not greatly concern them. They will discuss all day, at afternoon teas and dinner parties, in the street and in the shop, this sleeve or that pleat, a buckle, a frill, or a pair of stockings. It is not how did Mrs. So-and-So or Miss Chose act, but how did she look? "How did she wear her hair, dear? and what colour was it last night?" And so, thanks to the playhouse, the milliner's bills fall heavily on the desk of the wretched husband who slaves to support the parvenu household at Bayswater, South Hampstead, or Maida Vale. For, to tell the truth, the survey of dress breeds an intense hunger for novelty in the female breast. Just as a man—a plain, common-sense, practical, unimaginative man—when he casts his eyes over an illustrated catalogue of some popular "stores," wants to buy everything he sees, from a pipe to a new portmanteau, so does the average woman, when she sees a pretty dress, say, "How lovely! I must have one like it!"

It does not much matter what is the cause of all this—whether it is the popularity of ladies' newspapers, or the general luxury of life, or the love of gossip and tittle-tattle—but so it is, and there it is. With the full risk of having my eyes torn out or being put into the pillory, may I, in all humility, be permitted to venture on the remark that, as a mere spectator and casual outsider, I do not think that stage dress has improved in taste—in good taste, I mean—since it has been so outrageously advertised. In the old days the best-dressed woman, and, for the matter of that, the best-dressed man, was the one who was the least starred out in the crowd. It is not so now. The costume that attracts the most attention is often the most showy, the most outré, the most conspicuous. I will not mention names or instances, but I have seen dresses recently on the stage that, in the words of an old-fashioned relative of mine, make the wearer appear "to be dressed up like a dog at a fair."

And if the women act dress and talk dress on the stage, why should not the men act smoking-room and talk smoking-room? They must be realistic also, and were it not for the blue pencil of the Examiner it is possible the after-dinner talk on the stage might be, as the dresses are, artfully lifted up to show the shoe, the stocking, and the ankle. Mr. Arthur Benham's dialogue certainly does not err in this respect. It is always clever and always witty—never in bad taste. The conversation in which the girl of the period—so admirably acted by Miss Nina Boucicault—joins with such crushing and effective point is thoroughly excellent, and makes me think

that this young author will one day write a play that will really live and do him credit. But I wish he would take my advice, and give us a sympathetic heroine. The heroines of both his plays are more or less hateful. I do not know which I detest most, the lady in "The County" or the lady in "The Awakening." And not only do I detest them, but I feel that the audience detests them also, and more than that, will have none of them. Close your ears, good Mr. Arthur Benham, to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely in the honeyed accents of the new criticism. I have studied audiences for over thirty years without faltering, and I tell you that you will never get converts to your Thérèse Raquins, or Hedda Gablers, or Ninas, or Karins, because they are monster women. They are all very well for the study, but they will not do for the stage. We go to see the pig-faced lady at the fair, or the blubber-faced giantess, or the two-headed nightingale; but we don't like them when we are there, and we do not go again. A succession of these monstrosities would make the public sick. We don't want maudlin women, or goody-goody women, or sentimental women *ad nauseam*, but we want women and not bores and brutes. You will tell me, no doubt, that such women exist. No doubt they do. If so, I don't want to see them. I should avoid them like pitch in society. Why should they be forced under my nose on the stage? Besides, is it all true to life, after all? Do good men, like the handsome stockbroker in this play, or bad men like the persuasive seducer, break their lives or their hearts over such a woman as Mrs. Petulant Peyton? I don't believe it. Show us a woman, and not a mere bundle of hysterical complaints, and I will believe it. In the interludes of hysteria and fidgets let us have some tenderness, some art, some passion. A fit of hysteria, horrible as it is, may have its relative compensation; but there must be a screw loose somewhere when the audience roars with laughter over the death of a child and pities the husband from their very heart for having to live another day with such a horrible creature. They don't roar with laughter over "East Lynne," or that far better play on the same subject, "Miss Multon," or even at poor Frou-Frou. Don't listen to these people, Mr. Arthur Benham, who tell you that novelists must be dramatists, or that the method of the novel is the method of the play. It is nonsense, and if I had time I could prove it to demonstration. I won't quote Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, though I might prove my case by them. I will quote a more modern author—Arthur W. Pinero. Why did they like "Sweet Lavender" and not "The Times"? Why did they like "The Profligate" and not "Lady Bountiful"? Because they like sympathetic heroines—the true better than the false.

The dramatic swallows will soon be coming home again. Mr. George Alexander will be the first to perch on the portico in King Street, St. James's, and he will bring with him "Lady Windermere's Fan," which play has enjoyed a good spell of prosperity in the provinces. Claude Carter's new play will follow on by-and-by, and I trust nothing more may be wanted until "one traveller returns." "The Pink Dominos" has been put up as a stop-gap at the Criterion until Mr. Wyndham is ready with the new play by Haddon Chambers, which will reintroduce popular Mrs. John Wood as The Old Lady (perish the thought! "Bless her heart!" she is as young as ever!), and she will receive a cordial welcome. The "naughty" "Pink Dominos," as it used to be called—I hope Mr. Sydney Grundy will not scratch my eyes out for stating a fact—seems to give great amusement, although the versatile Charles is very much missed. Alfred Maltby, Herbert Standing, and Agnes Hewitt are admirable, and so is James Albery's dialogue.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Lord Tennyson's influence on theology was very great, and he is fairly entitled to praise as a pioneer; for when "In Memoriam" was published the Broad Church party was hardly formed. Maurice may have taught Tennyson something in their early intercourse, but the poet was even more powerful than the preacher, and certainly not less original. In particular, Tennyson has justly been acclaimed by theologians of his way of thinking as "poet of the larger hope," and the fact that he in several instances accepted the dedication of their works shows that he was not averse to the name.

His intimacies with clergymen were not few. The accomplished Blakesley continued a friend to the last. In an old volume of the *Academy* is buried a review of Thirlwall's "Remains" by Blakesley, which is worth looking at now. Dean Alford dedicated his collected poems to the Laureate in a very interesting letter, which dwells on their early and late friendship, and he published, when editor of the *Contemporary Review*, an "authorised" paper on the "Idylls of the King."

Tennyson was not by any means always discourteous to his correspondents. He read criticisms of his own works, and when they pleased him said so. It has not been mentioned anywhere that two or three years ago he wrote to a Presbyterian minister in Australia—the Rev. Professor Rentoul, of Melbourne—saying that a lecture by that gentleman on his poems was the best estimate of them he had ever read.

There is very little known about the poet's father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., but I happen to possess a little bit of evidence that Tennyson thought William Howitt's description of him rather too high-pitched. Dr. Tennyson was Vicar of Grimsby as well as Rector of Somersby. I attempted to trace his connection with Grimsby some years ago, but could not find that it was more than nominal. Two places more dissimilar in their present aspect than Grimsby and Somersby could not be imagined.

Tennyson's mother, who died at Hampstead, is understood to have been very orthodox in her views. So was his clerical brother, the Rev. Charles Turner, whose sweet and graceful sonnets are, perhaps, sometimes marred by their polemical tone. Mr. Turner was vehemently opposed to the newer criticism. Perhaps a quotation may be not untimely—

## "LEBEN JESU" AND "VIE DE JESUS."

Hail, ancient creeds! that help us to disdain  
These "Lives of Jesus"; you that boldly speak  
Of an authentic Saviour—gracious, meek,  
And wonderful—the Lamb for sinners slain.  
Well they may fret weak faith, make rebels glad,  
But oh! what honest soul can wish to see  
These churches of the "Leben" or the "Vie"  
Get themselves towers in Christendom? How sad  
Is this wild masque of Christs that flits athwart  
The world, "lo here! lo there," from all the schools;  
While the true Lord of glory stands apart  
And bids His welcome as the maddest cools,  
When they shall greet Him with fond eyes and heart  
And test His slighted word by holier rules.

Lord Tennyson, as is well known, took a broader view of such subjects.

Mr. Turner was much beloved in the little hamlet of Grimsby, where he laboured so long. He and his wife (a sister of Lady Tennyson) were in the habit of assembling the villagers in the evening and reading to them out of books. Till near the end, they rarely were absent from the lonely parish so long as a month at a time.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Sebastiao Pinto Leite, Viscount de Gandarinha, and Count de Penha Longa, a peer of Portugal, of the firm of Pinto Leite and nephews, London, Manchester, and Liverpool, late of Rua do Pau da Bandeira, in the parish of Lapa, Lisbon, who died on Aug. 25, was proved in London on Sept. 28 by Estevao Jose Brochado, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £358,000. The testator bequeaths 300 milreis to be distributed among the poor of the parish of Lapa, in which he resided, and a like sum among the poor of the parish of Cuciyaes, where he was born; and there are legacies to relatives, charitable institutions in Portugal, executors, servants, and others, and also for masses for the souls of his parents, brothers, and himself and wife. The life-interest in the remainder of his property he leaves to his great-nephew, Jose Pinto Leite, with reversion to the remainder to the eldest of his lawful sons who shall have intellectual and moral capacity.

The will (dated July 7, 1884), with a codicil (dated Sept. 10, 1885), of Mr. Alfred Grundy, late of Manchester, and of Underley, Whitefield, near Manchester, solicitor, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Sept. 29 by Henry Edmund Grundy, the son, and Robert Ormerod, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £122,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife, Mrs. Rose Helen Grundy; his furniture and effects to his wife and children; £600 per annum to his wife, for life or widowhood; £1000 to his daughter, Mary Edith Chadwick, on the death of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Helen Grundy; £7000, upon trust, for accumulations until the death of his said sister-in-law, and then for his son George, if his sons Henry Edmund and John survive her, as they will in that event benefit under his late brother's will. He confirms a certain settlement, and the portions his daughters may receive thereunder are to be brought into hotchpot. The residue of his real and personal property he gives to all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 24, 1891) of Mr. George Cottam, late

of 81, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, who died on Sept. 9, was proved on Sept. 30 by Charles Reeve and Henry Eddowes Keene, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £106,000. The testator bequeaths £5100 to his brother Thomas Cottam; £4000 to his brother Beaumont Cottam; £6000 each to his sisters, Emma Cottam and Mrs. Anna Hodgkinson, and his niece Hannah Ward, residing with him; £200 to the vicar and churchwardens of the parish of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, therewith to darken the window presented by him to the church, and apply the surplus either in doing up and putting in proper order the grave of his wife and child, or for such other purpose in connection with the said church as they shall deem fit; and considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, friends, and servants. The testator states that it was not his intention by his will to dispose of his freehold and copyhold estates, or the residue of his personal estate, but that he proposed to do so by a codicil when he had made up his mind. As he did not leave any codicil, the said property will go to his heir-at-law and next-of-kin, respectively.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1892) of Mrs. Jemina Georgiana English, late of The Vomer, Torquay, Devon, who died on Aug. 25 at Eastbourne, was proved on Sept. 30 by Sir Frederick Walter Carden, Bart., the nephew, and Frederick Brodie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £98,000. The testatrix gives her dwelling-house, The Vomer, with everything of every description about the same not otherwise disposed of, to her niece Edith Georgiana Carden, the eldest surviving daughter of her late brother, Sir Robert Walter Carden; all her share and interest in the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to Charles Gordon Brodie; all her share and interest in the Royston and Hitchin Railway to Frederick Carden Brodie; her share and interest in the *Times* newspaper to her nephew Sir Frederick Walter Carden, and she requests him to pay an annuity of £200 to her nephew Alexander James Carden and some other annuities of smaller amounts; £5000 to the said Alexander James Carden; £4000 to the said Sir Frederick Walter Carden; £15,000, upon trust, for her nieces, the three daughters of her

late brother, Sir Robert Walter Carden; and numerous other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her said three nieces.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1887) of Sir Thomas Richard Edridge, late of The Elms, Croydon, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Sept. 30 by Frederick Thomas Edridge, Sydney George Edridge, and Charles Edward Edridge, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £96,000. The testator gives the three silver épergnes presented to him by the Croydon Conservative Association to the use of his eldest son, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male; his furniture and effects to his wife, Dame Martha Edridge, for life, and then to his six children; £1200 per annum to his wife, for life; £400 each to his sisters, Ann Shackleton Cox and Eliza Taylor; £200 to the Croydon General Hospital; and his farm in New Zealand, with the stock and effects, to his son Arthur Ernest, but he is to bring into hotchpot the cost price. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his six children, Arthur Ernest, Frederick Thomas, Sydney George, Charles Edward, Mrs. Helen Constance Adams, and Margaret Edridge. Certain advances made to children are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Sept. 24, 1888), with a codicil (dated Sept. 11, 1890), of Colonel Henry Hume, formerly of the Grenadier Guards and the 95th Regiment, late of 29, Norfolk Square, Bayswater, who died on Aug. 19, was proved on Sept. 20 by the Rev. Henry Sykes Hume, the son, and the Rev. Humphrey Frederick Herne Burchell-Herne, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testator gives the "Hume" plate and his gold watch and chain to his said son; his other watches to his eldest daughter; the remainder of his jewellery and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; and his residence, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, for life, and then to his daughters (while spinsters) for their lives and the life of the survivor of them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon

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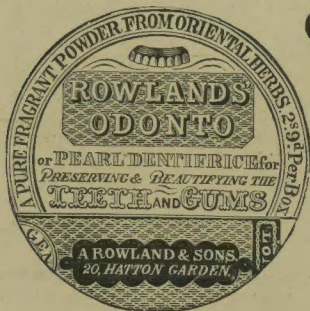
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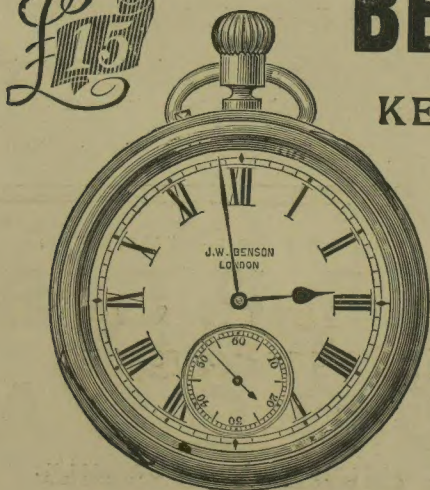
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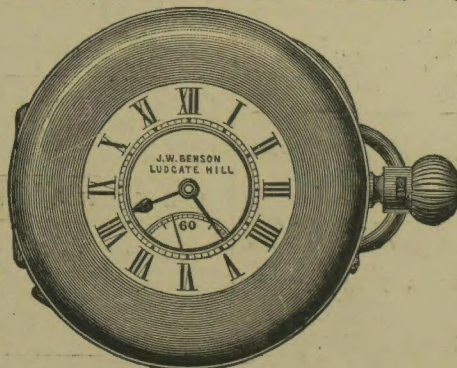
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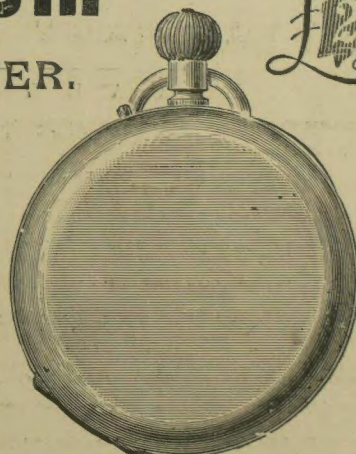


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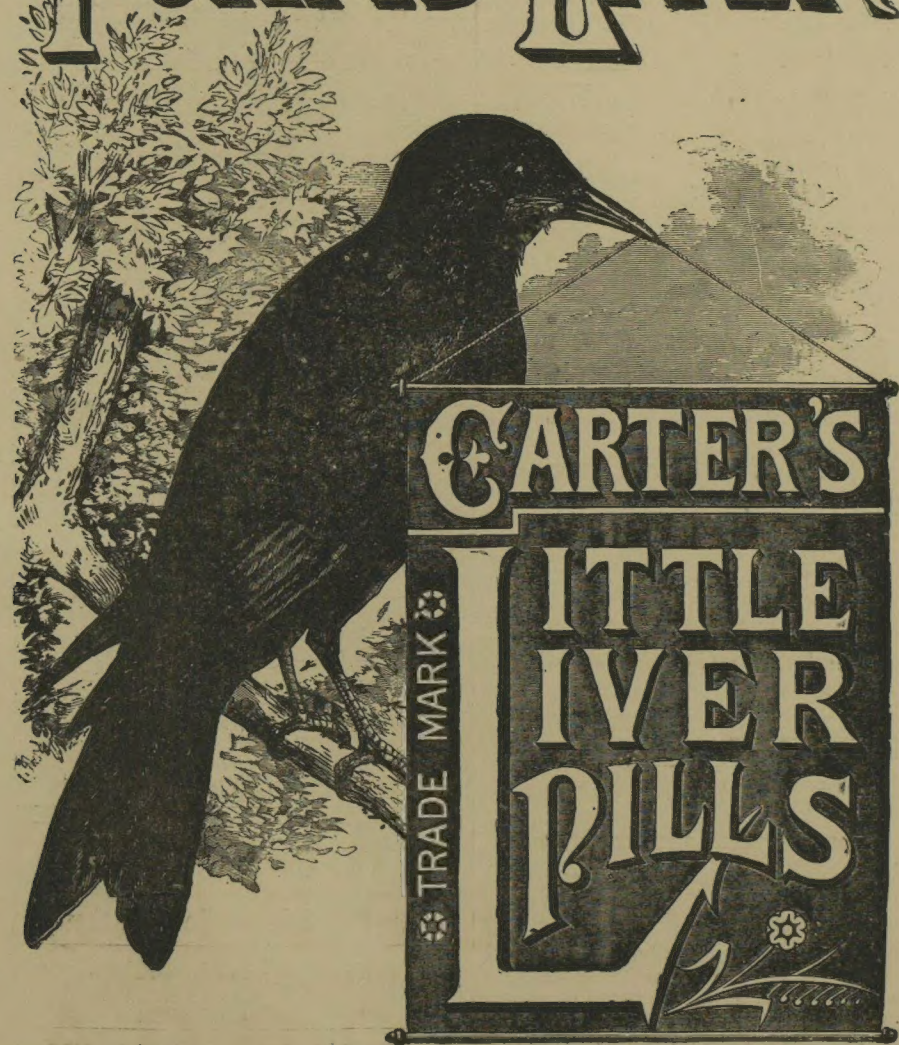
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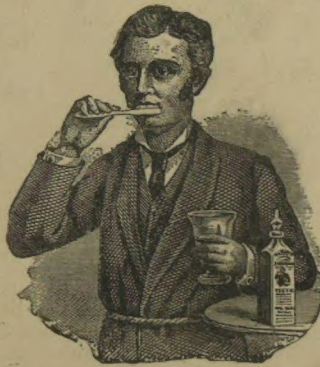
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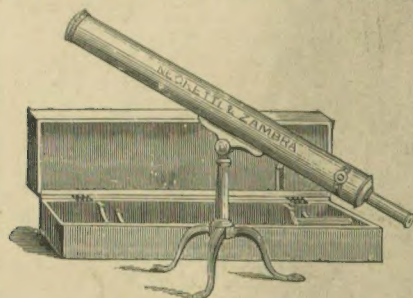
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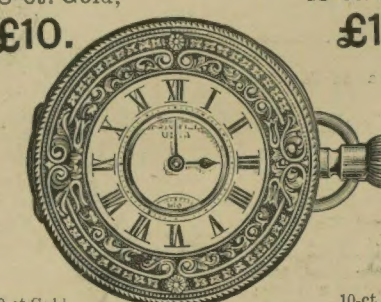
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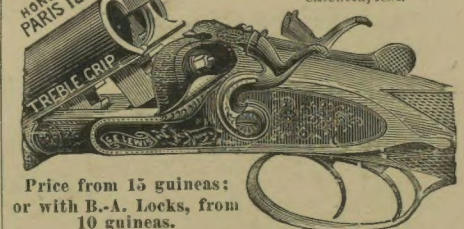
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